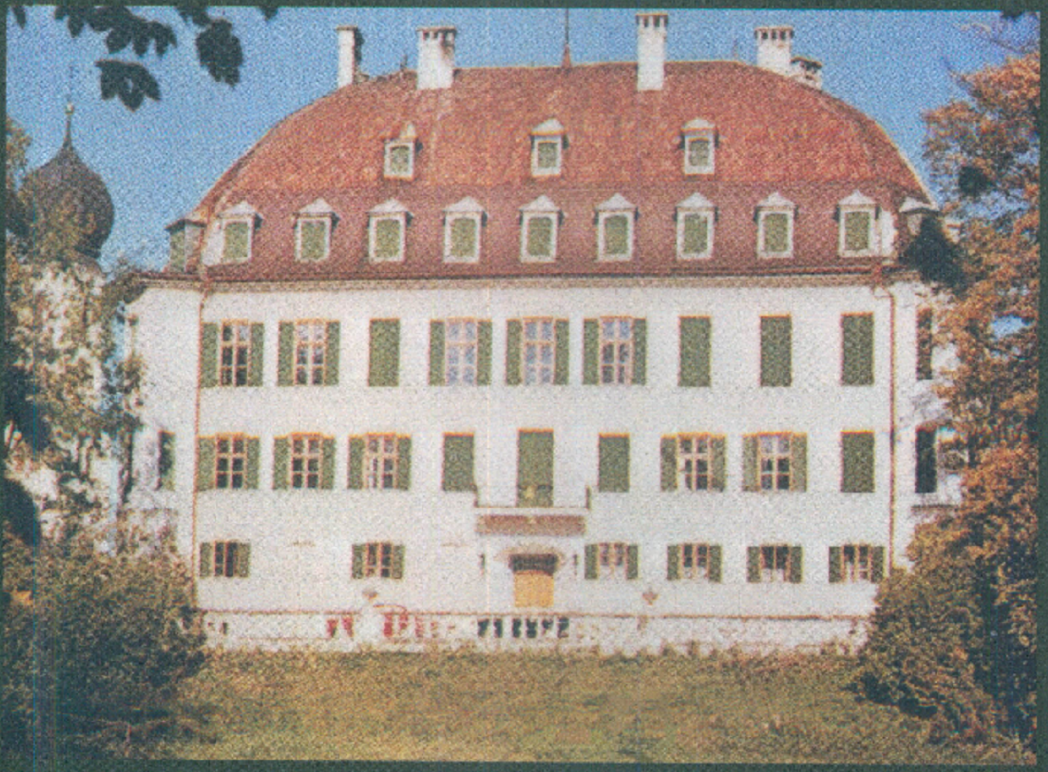
My Conversations with Poor Souls



Eugenie von der Leyen

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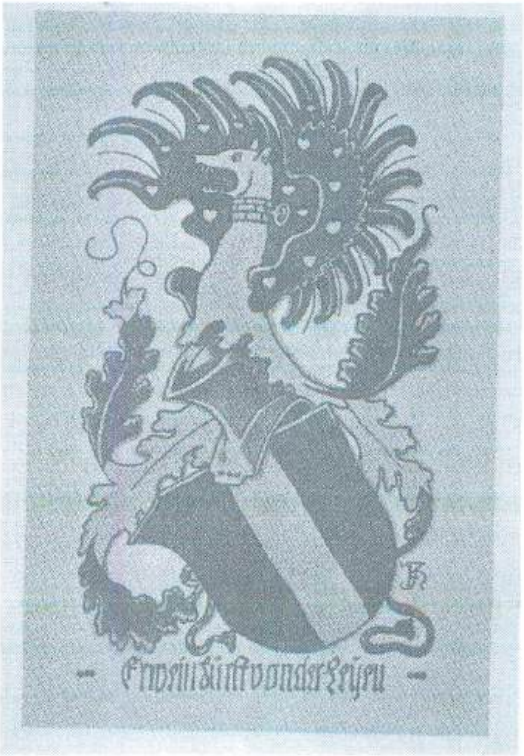
My Conversations with Poor Souls

Alas, the poor souls have so much to suffer because of their neglect, because of easy piety, because of a lack of zeal for God and the salvation of their neighbour. How are they to be helped if not by the satisfaction of love, which sacrifices for them those acts of virtue which they themselves had particularly neglected in life?

Anne Catherine Emmerich

Translated by Jason Chapman

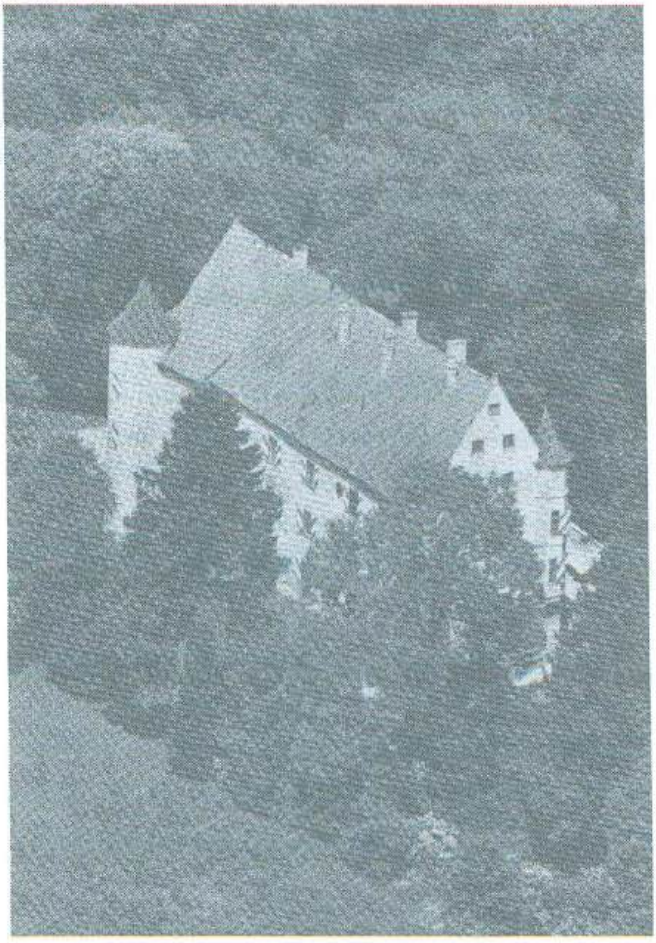
Footnotes by Dr. Peter Gehring



von der Leyen family crest

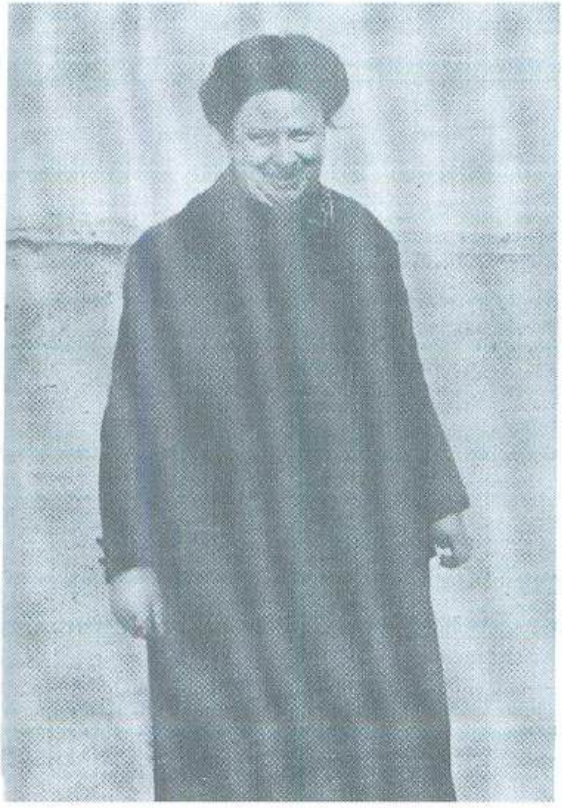
The author, *Princess Eugenie von der Leyen und zu Hohengeroldseck*, was born on May 15, 1867 in Munich. Eugenie was the daughter of the third Prince von der Leyen, Philipp II Franz Erwein, born on June 14, 1819 in Waal, died on July 24, 1882 in Waal. Eugenie's mother, Adelheid (†1888), came from the famous German princely family of Thurn und Taxis, who had been in charge of the postal system in the German Empire for centuries; the name "Taxi" is also derived from this lineage. Eugenie's brother was Erwein II Theodor, fourth Prince von der Leyen, who died in 1938 at the age of 75. Eugenie's nephew, Prince Erwein III Otto Philipp, was married to Donna Nives Ruffo della Scaletta from the Borghese family in Rome. It was she who firmly believed in Eugenie's charism and who delivered the original of Eugenie's diary to Pope Pius XII.

Eugenie spent most of her life at Waal Castle and also stayed at Unterdiessen Castle, which is only a few kilometers away. The two castles are in Bavarian Swabia, between Augsburg and Garmisch-Partenkirchen, 10 km south of Landsberg, an old Bavarian district town, above the famous Lechfeld, where King Otto I won a historic victory over the Hungarians in 955. Adolf Hitler was imprisoned in Landsberg prison in 1924. While he was writing his programmatic book "Mein Kampf" in the Landsberg Fortress, Eugenie von der Leyen led a life of mystical immersion in God 10 km to the south and wrote her diary that Hitler eventually banned.



Unterdiessen Castle

In the family circle and in the village Eugenie was called "Eschi" (the German form of Eugenie). She was a tall, stately woman, very pious and generous—a Christian through and through. She had a heart open to everyone and sacrificed for all. Eugenie often asked the souls why they came to her and the answer was always: "The way to you is open!" She was the simplest woman, who even helped the farmers with the hay when a thunderstorm was approaching. She had the talent of always giving the right gift, and she always had a smile for everyone. She worked a lot for the missions, embroidering vestments or organizing fundraisers in the village. As the unmarried sister of the prince, she was very popular and respected in the village. Princess Eugenie wanted to enter a convent, but was not accepted because of her poor health.



Among the many art treasures, pictures, and personal mementos of Unterdiessen Castle, there is a monstrance-like structure that is identified in the diary as the "particle of the cross." When the back case is open, a remnant of a Roman seal can be seen attached to the back. It is a piece of goldsmith work from the Baroque period, decorated on the front with the usual precious stones, probably from a secularized church. A small white cross is fixed in the center, behind which there is a cross particle. These are usually small pieces of wood that touched the real cross of Christ and were blessed by the Pope; they are considered real relics of special blessing power.

The room that Eugenie occupied is on the west side of Waal Castle; it measures 5 X 5 meters. Only the tiled stove and the location of the bed are still the same as they were then. Anyone who has read the diary knows that Eugenie went through a lot of hardships in this room, that she often had to witness and suffer terrible things, often to the point of fainting, but that God always gave her the strength she needed to atone for the suffering of the poor souls. It is safe to say without exaggeration: at Waal Castle and Unterdiessen Castle she is approached as a saint.

Eugenie von der Leyen had to lead a double life, which put a lot of mental strain on her, as you can see between the lines again and again. Only the little Hereditary Prince Wolfram and the domestic animals have seen her apparitions- nobody else. And she couldn't talk to anyone about it except her spiritual leader, which was certainly not easy for her as a woman. You have to know that such an incursion of

the supernatural, which is only possible through a special permission from God, is no small thing, like a television program that can also provide insight into foreign worlds. What we experience in the earthly realm stays more or less on the surface. The contact with the hereafter goes much deeper; here the human being is connected to a kind of high-voltage circuit, which he is not physically able to cope with; here God must have an effect with a special grace, otherwise the human being would break under such a burden.

Eugenie at Unterdiessen Castle with little prince Wolfram and their guard dog Tobanno in 1926.

The fact that the daughter of a prince had contact with poor souls is nothing new in church history. St. Catherine of Genoa († 1510) from the noble family of Fieschi, from which popes Innocent IV and Hadrian V descended, experienced numerous manifestations of poor souls; she also left a writing on the subject, "Treatise on Purgatory". Catherine of Genoa is considered "a spiritual genius of the first rank".

Eugenie von der Leyen had two spiritual "sisters": the blessed Crescentia from nearby Kaufbeuren, and Maria Anna Lindmayr (1657-1726). Like Eugenie von der Leyen, Maria Anna Lindmayr also wrote a diary about her manifestations of poor souls. Crescentia also had visions and contacts with them. The spiritual affinity between these three women is striking: Eugenie von der Leyen, Crescentia von Kaufbeuren and Maria Anna Lindmayr form a triumvirate that belongs together not only geographically but also intellectually and spiritually.

Eugenie's diary was handwritten in hectographed copies in the Third Reich, like the poems by Reinhold Schneider. After the Second World War, the work was published in 12 editions. Out of consideration for the bereaved, the names of those affected were hardly mentioned in the diary, or only with their initials. But now that nearly a century has elapsed since Eugenie's death, there is no longer sufficient reason for concealing the names. The names have been written out as far as they were able to be determined with the help of relatives and eyewitnesses. The book thus gains in authenticity, and many statements can be verified.

Before she died on January 9, 1929 at the age of 62, Eugenie gave the diary to her confessor and spiritual director, Sebastian Wieser, who took it with him

when he left the parish. We have a solemn declaration about the princess from her certainly discriminating spiritual guide: "I have known the seer for the last 12 years of her life and have learned day by day about her experiences with the apparitions. On my advice she recorded what she saw in a diary, not at all with the intention - I didn't think of such a thing at first either - to tell the public... She was heartily pious, a humble Franciscan soul, eager to do good, boundless in benevolence, helpful at all times and willing to give, willing to make sacrifices almost beyond her strength, a favorite before God and people. Everyone who knew her adored her. Nothing was further from her mind than attaining honor and fame. She only wanted to give pleasure to others, and she was downright inventive about it. The princess's personality is the best pledge of complete credibility. I declare on oath that although I caused the princess to record her actual experiences clearly and completely, I never and nowhere suggested to her any views on my part. I vouch in all respects for the credibility of the diary and beg the reader to keep a grateful and honorable memory of the princess, now herself resting in the afterlife and surely happy in the contemplation of God."

A cousin of Eugenie's, Prince C.L. , confirms the judgment of Pastor Sebastian Wieser with this statement: "I fully subscribe to the assessment of her personality as Pastor Wieser gives it. It is absolutely correct. Her life consisted of self-sacrifice for others. She did this willingly and happily and made no living out of it. It was altogether quite simple and natural, completely undemanding to itself. Clever, lively, very cheerful and with a great sense of wit and comedy. This alone made her popular everywhere and her company sought. The children adored her." Before his death, Pastor Wieser gave

the diary to the writer Bruno Grabinski. A maid wrote to Grabinski: "I only knew the princess as a dear, selfless, cheerful person who was kind to everyone. She always stayed the same, always friendly and kind. I have a feeling that the idea of sacrifice and atonement was already in her mind when I first met her."

Above: Eugenie with her niece, Adelheid von der Leyen
Below: Eugenie doing embroidery during the Easter holidays, 1913

Eugenie's Diary is a challenge for our time, a book that has given many people sleepless hours, but which has comforted many more because it shows us how great sinners can be saved through God's mercy. There are no cheap horror stories, written as a thrill for bored readers; it is an existentially suffered factual report about the appearance of the deceased, which gives us a small insight into the otherworldly world, which will one day also be our world.

This diary has a providential task: With the power of genuine charisma, it can sensitize us again to the world beyond, it can open our eyes to the "ultimate things" that are so much repressed today. How poor we are without the awareness of the blissful communion with our mighty friends in heaven and with our fellow sufferers in purgatory who are so in need of our help. The poor souls cannot pray for themselves, but for us they can obtain practically anything from God provided that we do something for them. This is one of the wonderful mysteries of God's economy of salvation.

In this book no great sayings are made; only the distress of the Poor Souls is manifested until the end. Anne Catherine Emmerich, undoubtedly one of the greatest mystics in the world, writes:
"Oh, it is sad that so little help is provided to the poor souls; every work offered for them, alms or suffering, benefits them instantly; they are then as happy, as blessed, as one fainting who is given a fresh drink."
Note the adverb "instantly"! Why does God, whose proverbial mills usually turn slowly, allow our good works to benefit the poor souls "instantly"? Anyone who thinks about it thoroughly will come across it himself: Because God - in human terms - is also longingly waiting for the souls that were created in his image and likeness to finally become completely

pure, so that he can press them to his father's heart! Here also lies the explanation of why the poor souls have such great power. If we help them, they will reach their goal faster and because that - always speaking in human terms - is also in God's interest, he is willing to pay a price for it, i.e. to help us.

The Diary of Princess Eugenie von der Leyen

The nun

August 9, 1921, 5 o'clock in the afternoon, I saw a nun standing between two trees in the garden. Because she seemed to be waiting for me and I thought it was a nun I knew from before, I hurried to meet her. She suddenly disappeared without a trace. I backtracked to see if it could be a shadow illusion; but the space between the trees was as always.

August 13, I saw her walking toward me on my way to church.

August 19, I saw her walking right past me in the garden, so that I could tell quite clearly that it was the Mallersdorfer habit.*

*The Mallersdorf Sisters (Poor Franciscan Sisters of the Holy Family) are a female religious order that is widespread throughout Bavaria. The mother house is located in the Lower Bavarian market town of Mallersdorf.

August 25, on the stairs of the Oratory.

August 30, at the front door, waiting for me.

September 11, in the garden.

September 14, in the Oratory. Before Holy Mass I saw something reflected in the window in front of me; I thought that the window behind me was not stopped, hence the movement in front of me, so I turned around. There she was, standing right behind me, I saw her face very clearly: big black eyes with a sad expression, just like someone alive, not pale, but

totally unknown to me. The figure seemed to me to be armless. I felt a horrible feeling because she was so close to me.

September 17, scurrying by in the garden next to me.

September 19, I was playing ball with a child, and she went between. I must have made a startled face because the child asked me what I saw.

September 22, She sat on the stairs of the Oratory.

October 2, While picking flowers, she stood in front of me superhumanly large. I couldn't make up my mind to talk to her, and by the time I worked up the courage, she was always gone.

October 7, Unfortunately, she also came into my room; I woke up with an unpleasant feeling, turned on the light, and there she was right next to my bed. I was so scared that I couldn't speak to her, defended myself against her with holy water, then she jumped into the wall. It was very bad.

October 11, I went to bed at 10 o'clock and didn't even think about her because I had just had a very good time (it was the hunts)*.

*The hunts, to which relatives and friends were invited, were primarily social events.

I turned on the light in my bedroom. There she was. I walked past her to the holy water font, sprinkled her and asked, "What do you want from me?" She looked me sharply in the eye and said without moving her mouth: "I didn't send you 20 marks for the missions." *

*When reading these lines, some people are shocked that a person has to suffer such a penalty because of these 20 marks. There is a mistake here. It is not said what sins caused the nun to be in her condition. In any case, those 20 marks are only a small expression for her otherwise wrong way of life, which made her soul so miserable.

I couldn't tell if I nodded in the affirmative or promised her I would, because the moment was too impressive, but in any case she was satisfied, because she came very close to me as if she wanted to tell me something else. This scared me so much that I quickly threw holy water on her and she disappeared through the window. Although it was very exciting, I slept very well afterwards. The 20 marks were reimbursed to the missions, and holy masses were said for the poor.

Now I had peace until November 3rd, when I was able to experience great joy. When I went to sleep at 11 o'clock, I saw my inner room illuminated. I thought they had left the electric light on and went inside. There the nun was exactly in the same place as in the last apparition, but how completely different! It emanated from her like a radiant light, her black habit was lined with splendor. But the most radiant thing was in her facial expression. The eyes had probably already seen the good Lord. She looked at me smiling and happy. The hands I saw on her for the first time were crossed over her breast. Her face could really only be compared to an opal, I can't find any other expression for it. I felt such a happy shock that I was frozen and couldn't think of anything else to ask: "What's your name?" Then she solemnly made the sign of the cross, it got dark and she was gone. So the electric light wasn't on. It seems to me that deception is out of the question, because you can feel nothing of what I felt if nothing was there. The apparition seemed to me much larger than usual, and for the first time it was not standing on the

ground. That was the last appearance of the nun, but she may have opened me up to see things differently.

Pastor Schmuttermeier

On December 27, 1921, I saw Pastor Schmuttermeier[3] coming towards me in the garden, it was only for a moment, but no mistake possible.*

*Pastor Schmuttermeier, the Princess' former religion teacher, died in 1899.

January 9, 1922, He was waiting for me at the oratory, not pleasant to look at. I asked: "Mr. Pastor, can I help you?" He asked for a Mass, which was also soon read. In the evening of the same day I saw him again.

January 25, I saw him for the fourth and last time. When I went to church that evening, I saw a white sleeve hanging out of the confessional. I was surprised because the whole church was empty, but I figured people would come. Slightly curious, I kneel down on a bench and consider whether I shouldn't take the opportunity to go to confession as well. After about five minutes I hear the confessional door open and - Pastor Schmuttermeier comes out, walks past me, gives me a friendly smile and walks up the middle aisle. He kneels under the lamp in front of the altar. After a while the sacristan comes to ring the Angelus. I think he almost tripped over the vicar. The electric light was turned on, now I could see everything clearly. It was very strange, the sacristan walked right through the pastor, he looked like a checkered pattern; I could tell the two apart. Soon after, he was gone. I didn't see him again.

Countess Maria Schönborn

On February 4, 1922, at 9 a.m., I met a lady in a brown dress, white lace collar, and a large slender bonnet, unknown to me, in the fashion of the fifties.

February 17, back on the stairs.

March 1, back on the stairs.

Then I was absent until May 20th; on the day of my return I saw her going into the library on the second floor. May 26th, again.

On Sunday, May 28, when I came out of early Mass, she preceded me up the stairs and went back to the library; because I was returning from Holy Communion, I had the courage to follow her. When I unlocked the door, she faced me as if she had been waiting for me. I asked, "Who are you?" She answers: "Maria Schönborn." A great aunt of mine that I didn't know. Me: "What do you want from me? Why can't you rest?" She: "Here I sinned!" Then she was gone. Much prayer was made for her, I never saw her again.

As already noted, I was away March-April. In O..., where a dear relative had died, I lived in her room, but I never saw her there. Once during a walk I saw her coming toward me in a meadow. She carried a rake on her shoulder, was very warm and smiled at me. I could hardly believe my eyes, she was the same as always and I could have screamed with joy if I hadn't been with others. Unfortunately, she soon disappeared. I didn't speak of it. When I came home and told where I was, I was told: "Oh, Hortense used to help a poor woman collect hay up there." She didn't look like she needed my prayer, rather I took that appearance as a sign. I was very friendly with

her and had written her the story of the nuns, noting that I left her free to believe it or not. She replied she couldn't believe it without talking to me about it. But that never happened because she died.

The "Eleven"

On July 4, 1922, I first saw the eleven shadows that I see so often. They are bright columns of fog of different sizes; I only ever see them on the front terrace and down the hill by the brewery. Sometimes they come very close to me. You can't see a shape, they're like giant asparagus wrapped in fog. I see them so often that I don't write a date, I don't care about them at all. On Christmas Day they came very close to me after early mass, so I said to them: "If you are souls, then worship the Christ Child", whereupon they suddenly folded up like pocket knives and then they were gone again. It was very strange because everything I've said to them so far, they haven't responded to.

Barbara and Thomas

I only saw our old porter 17 times in the hospital and never spoke to him.

On January 31, 1923, I stayed in a room on the third floor for a few days. When I looked in the mirror during the day, a woman's head looked out. I turned around and there was a lady in pink standing next to me; but she was gone again in a moment. Her suit was 16th-century costume, but I noticed straight away that her hairdo didn't match. In the evening I went to bed with a feeling that was not particularly pleasant, because in the next room, which was unoccupied, I heard that certain voice which, once

heard, one does not forget. I slept quite well until three o'clock, when I woke up with a horrible feeling. I knew she was here now. I turned on the light and saw a man in riding costume standing next to her at the door. I took refuge in the holy water and asked, "Who are you?" - "Barbara." - "What do you want?" - No answer; she put her finger to her mouth and motioned for me to go out the door with her. It was all so natural that I was dreading getting out of bed in front of the man. So they went out the door and now I noticed a wound on the back of her head; hence the odd hair. I took care not to go with them, only when they had gone did I look and see them go into the so-called bed chamber. Couldn't have checked it because it was locked.

On February 5, I had things to do upstairs. Barbara was in the corridor and went back to the bedroom. I run down, get the key and follow her. I find her waiting for me, leaning against the wall. I asked: "Are you Barbara von L...?" (Because by then we'd looked at the story and there was another Barbara.) She: "Yes." Me: "Do you want to pray with me?" She nodded at me with angry eyes. I prayed, "Soul of Christ..."* and as I say, "Water of Christ's side, wash me," she begins to weep horribly and sobs into her hands. Then she looks at me again with piercing eyes and is gone out of the tower. Now I don't see her anymore because I don't go upstairs. Then a painter began to live upstairs, we spend a lot of time with her to watch, but I don't see Barbara.

**Anima Christi*
Soul of Christ, sanctify me. Body of Christ, save me. Blood of Christ, come and deliver me. Water from the side of Christ, wash me. Passion of Christ, strengthen me.
O sweet Jesus, hear me. Hide me in your wounds. Do not allow me to be forever separated from you. Defend me against the malice of my enemies. Call me at the hour of my death and

command me to go with you to praise with your saints forever and ever. So be it.

On February 21, at 1 a.m., I wake up with a certain feeling. Now Barbara and the man are standing there. I was really angry because I felt safe from them downstairs and I said, "Why don't you guys stay upstairs?" She: "Because they can't see." I ask the man: "What's your name?" - Barbara answers for him: "Thomas." Me: "What do you still want from me?" - "A Holy Mass", says Barbara. I pray with them and say, "Don't come anymore, I promise you will be prayed for." Then they go, I didn't see them anymore.

It always amazes me what power must emanate from the spirits to wake me from a good night's sleep. Awakening is something very peculiar; you are aware of what is waiting for you in the moment. Seeing in the dark is out of the question, I closed my eyes once with Barbara*, but you can't see anything!

*She was afraid of falling prey to some kind of hallucination. So she tested the perception of her physical eyes.

The old cook Crescence and the child killer

At the same time as Barbara another phenomenon took place. When I was in the pantry with the cook on February 1, 1923, two women suddenly stood between us. In one of them I immediately recognized our old cook, Crescence, who was with us for 42 years and died in 1888. Next to her was an unknown woman who didn't look pleasant. Crescence looked quite nice, just like in real life, quite friendly. After two days I met her down in the corridor; because someone was with me, I couldn't talk to her.

February 24, four o'clock in the morning, I wake up, turn on the light, there she and the stranger are standing by my bed. I said: "Dear Crescence, where are you from?" She: "From the space between." Me: "How did you find me?" Then she made a movement with her hand through the air. I say, "Don't come to me anymore. I promise you will be prayed for. Praise be to Jesus Christ!" And she went, along with the stranger.

February 28, 4:30 am, the stranger comes (horrible), she stays for more than ten minutes, I give her holy water, pray, she doesn't move, just looks at me angrily. I'm very scared, I don't know why. She doesn't answer anything. Finally she goes. She looks sloppy, wears a headscarf and an apron like a worker, I don't like her. She is reminiscent of the woman I saw in A... which I described later. I shy away from the vicious expression, I can't describe it any other way.

March 3, 2 a.m., I wake up with a certain feeling. I know what awaits me and I'm so cowardly not to turn on the light right away, but because God is helping me, I do it. There stands the abominable one almost bent over me; but then she goes further away. Me: "In the name of Jesus, I command you to answer me. Why are you walking around?" She: "I killed my child!" Me: "What's your name?" She: "Margaret." Me: "A Holy Mass will be read for you and I will not forget you. You never have to come back." Then I pray with her, all of a sudden she's gone. It was very hard to bear, but as God wills. But I'd rather have them come during the day.

Carpenter Michel

In summer I saw a woman walking up and down the villa three times in A... with a namelessly sad expression. When I asked her, the answer was, "No one is praying for me!" Otherwise she remained silent to all questions. At that time I had not yet been told to pray with them. So the appearance was always shorter. Praying is also a relief for me, I am less afraid.

March 11, 1923. I was hardly in bed at eleven o'clock when something came in. I thought it was my sister and didn't turn on the light right away; but then I already felt what it was. At the door stood the carpenter Michel, a former sacristan; don't know when he died. Said to him straight away: "Yes, carpenter Michel, what do you want from me?" Then he cried out and was gone. He's my problem child now. He comes every night now; is horrible because nothing can be done with him. He was there for half an hour, from 4 a.m. to 4:30 a.m., walking around the room moaning and not looking pretty. But the good Lord will help me.

March 15, 11:30 a.m., in the night he is back. I say: "On Saturday there is a Holy Mass for you, leave me alone; what have you done? Answer me once!" - "God's robbery!" (a sacrilegious theft) he screams. Me: "Can I help you?" He nods his head and is gone.

A lot of women and men

March 21, 1923, Viktor B... came to me in the night, looked at me sadly, didn't answer anything and then left again.

On March 22, I woke up at one o'clock and heard myself saying, "Do you want to help them like you helped me?" I turned on the light and there I saw Pastor S. next to my bed...; I couldn't say for sure though, since he was gone right away. Only now did I see what else was there, a lot of women and men. Victor was there again; it was very bad, but they were soon gone; couldn't count how many.

March 23, night: again, stayed late, there are sixteen of them. I know five of them: Viktor, Maria M..., Perpetua R..., Herrgottleschuster, Baptist B... I asked: "What do you want?" - No answer. Me: "We are praying for you, you don't have to come anymore." Then Viktor says: "We have to!" Me: "Who wants it?" No answer. They stay a little longer, all look at me and then leave. Every night they were there, nothing can be done with them; I pray and after a while they go again.

March 26, There are only nine left, complete strangers to me. I ask "Where are the others?" but get no answer.* Now these nine come every night. It's not bad; I pray and after a while they go away.

*Questions that only arise from curiosity and the desire for sensations are not answered. The reader will discover this fact again and again.

March 29, All sixteen are back. One of the ones I don't know comes up close and says, "Thank you." I don't have the courage to touch her hand, she stretches both out to me. I ask, "May you go to heaven at Easter?" She says "to the light" very clearly; couldn't mean anything else. They all come very close to me now, not pleasant, I give holy water, then they'll soon be gone. The strange thing was that the sixteen needed very little space, a very small bunch stood in front of me and yet they were

large and small figures. The one who spoke to me was quite young with a friendly expression, wearing a black dress and a white apron; all were in working clothes.

Valet Nicholas

For some time now I've been seeing the valet Nicholas, who was with my grandfather for a long time, but he only ever walks through the rooms on the first floor. He seems to be looking for something; I haven't been able to talk to him yet because I've never been alone with him.
But now I have to go through bad things at night, every night since Easter. I feel there's a lot around me, but I can't see, but I hear walking, breathing, always very close in front of me, and then an indefinable noise like "banging against the wall". It's much worse than when I see something. Once it started at eleven o'clock and ended at five o'clock, it's impossible to sleep at that time. I got up and sat down in the corridor but it followed me. When I asked, "Couldn't you make yourself understood?" something touched my shoulder, I was very scared.

Babette

April 21, 1923. Saw two women kneeling during the Saturday Rosary in church for the second time today; they disappeared and came back. When I went in afterwards with the pastor, hoping that he would see them too. They were there, but when I wanted to talk to them, they were gone.

Met Nicholas four times, he literally ran past me.

I had a fever for a few days in the evening and couldn't sleep, but I didn't see or hear anything. Now that I'm well, they seem to be coming back.

April 26, at one o'clock in the morning, the "housewife" who died a year ago came, don't know her name. She looked very sad, didn't stay long, kept pacing.

April 27 again, stayed longer; she looked at me steadily but didn't answer anything. Seen Nicholas twice, always looking.

April 29. The housekeeper was with me from 3-4.30 a.m., very sad. She wants to talk and can't; I don't like her very much because she's always staring at me. - Saw the eleven pillars of fog.

May 1, She was already in my room when I went to sleep. I held out a towel for her to squeeze with her hand, she came very close but didn't do it.

May 4, She came twice in the night, bent all over me, I really hate that. - Also saw Nicholas again. - I asked the housekeeper* what her name was; did it many times without getting a reply. A hideous sound then sounded like "Ba..e", looked very sad. She must be very fond of holy water because she is restless until I give it to her.

*Pastor Sebastian Wieser knew the deceased (Barbara Z.) very well in real life. According to him, she was a single, apparently pious, but very hysterical and sensual person who wrote long letters to the clergy and cunningly slandered one of them. Her end was that she gave birth to a child and died of it less than a year later.

May 5, She was back; I know now that her name was Babette. She makes me very tired because she

always stays so late. I saw that her clothes were all torn; she also has something on her mouth, couldn't see it clearly.

May 9, She was back twice in the night; also seen the eleven again.

May 12, met Nicholas in the corridor, looks quite friendly.

May 13, the housekeeper again, very unpleasant, bent over me. Her mouth is hideous like a boil, her lower lip all black. Also her eyes are very troublesome; would be so glad if I could break through to her, but I get nothing out of her. She wants to talk but can't.

May 14, again, she opened the door, which I closed specifically for the rehearsal.

May 15, seen Nicholas again.

May 18, The housekeeper was with me from 1 a.m. to 3:30 a.m., walking around the room. It's awful, I don't know how I can help. I've prayed, but I can't do it all the time. Her mouth is hideous.

May 19, again, but briefly.

May 21, She came at dusk, 4:30 a.m., woke me up with a noise. Because I was advised to do so, I held out a particle of the cross and asked: "Are you damned?" To which she shook her head in the negative. Then I said, "I beg you to tell me what you want! I don't want to see you anymore!" Then came in tones that were difficult to understand: "Always lied to... Pastor." I asked her to repeat it because of the difficult meaning, but she left and opened the door again.

May 22, She came all distraught, like someone fleeing from something. She looked hideous. I said, "I command you to tell me why you always come to me." Then she came right up to me and pointed to her mouth. I was very scared, then she was gone.

May 23, I had hardly fallen asleep when she was back. I said, "If you don't tell me what you want now, I won't pray for you anymore." There was no answer for a long time, then an incomprehensible murmur. Me: "Tell me again what you said about lying!" She comes very close and says clearly: "Must suffer, have slandered, lied a lot; tell the pastor!" Me: "Why don't you go to him?" No answer.

May 24, She came with another figure that I could not recognize. I was so scared, I held out the particle of the cross to them and said: "I beg you, don't come any more. You will have a Holy Mass." - Saw the two women in the church again.

The woman in the chicken yard

May 28, 1923, I saw a woman searching on a pile of brushwood in the chicken yard. I thought it was a beggar and approached her. She then took a few steps towards me and suddenly melted away into nothing. In the afternoon a man with a bundle came towards us at the Rosenkranzweiher*, looked like a "hoarder". A few steps in front of me he suddenly disappeared.

*Near Waal Castle there are two ponds, the Rosenkranzweiher (Rosary Pond) and the Fünfwound-Weiher (Five-Wounds Pond), named after the 5 wounds of Christ.

Saw the two women kneeling again in church the other day. Then a real woman came into the same pew. Since there was little space, I could clearly observe that the two figures were like veils and did not take up space.

May 29, The woman was back in the chicken yard, only very briefly.

Close to salvation

May 30, I helped the nurses arrange flowers at the hospital. When I was alone, Benedict* came in and stood next to me. I said: "Benedict, do you have to suffer a lot?" Then he shook his head. Me: "Are you in heaven soon?" An affirmative nod. Me: "Are you always around there?" Another nod. Looked as comfortable as in real life in his blue apron and shirt sleeves. Watched me, then he walked out the door to the house and was gone.

*Benedict used to belong to the servants; he was a porter in the castle.

Thank God the housekeeper doesn't come anymore and I can sleep again.

May 31, During the Corpus Christi procession, when we were kneeling at the altar at the Fischer carpenter house, Carpenter Michel suddenly came out of the front door. He looked very different from the way I used to see him, had something so clear about him and joyful eyes, was wrapped in a white cloth, and stood right in front of me during the Gospel. Can't understand why the others didn't notice. He stayed almost to the end, then walked out into the crowd, nodding at me.

June 4, Saw the woman in the chicken yard again. She looks very sad. It's pretty noisy for me at night, but I can't see anything. There are kicks and then the floor and the furniture crack. I actually prefer to see something.

June 7, I saw the woman in the chicken yard again, she fixed me with burning eyes. Never saw her so clearly, you can't talk to her. The noise at night goes away, at intervals, not all night.

The murdered shepherd Fritz

June 11, 1923, On waking, a long gray figure was bending over me, all in the fog; can't tell if male or female, but unlikeable; am very scared. - The noise has stopped.

June 14, The phantom was already in the room when I wanted to go to sleep. I then said my evening prayers out loud, and it came very close to me. If it didn't have arms, it would be more like a walking log. It stayed maybe twenty minutes, but then came back at four o'clock.

June 16, It was very bad. It shook my shoulder. It's an awful moment. I gave him a shove and said, "You mustn't touch me!" Whereupon it retreated into a corner. I didn't feel a body when I hit it, it was like a warm, damp cloth. I don't think I could stand such a shock more often.

June 18. The horrible thing again, it wanted to clutch my neck. I prayed in my fear and picked up the particle of the cross. Then it stayed long and tall in front of me. There were no answers to questions; then it went out the door, which it left open.

June 19. I can see now that it's a man, was only there for a very short time. I also saw the women in the church again, they seem to be from another century. I asked them if they might have stolen candles. They didn't answer.

June 21, The horrid man was there for more than an hour in the night, constantly pacing back and forth. He has shaggy black hair and hideous eyes. Also saw the woman sitting in the chicken yard, she's getting friendlier, but doesn't answer. I looked at them from the chicken coop for a long time and saw something strange: a cat was coming towards them; suddenly she made a frightened leap to the side. So she had noticed the woman. I'm very happy that at least one cat is watching with me!*

*It is a fact that animals showed fear of places where mortal apparitions were found. The clearly established apparition in a parsonage is famous, where the dog avoided the top of a staircase, on which an apparition had been seen several times. Otherwise the dog would follow its master everywhere.

[Translator's note from Spanish version: In A.F., where I was a parish priest for 22 years, noises were heard in the afternoon and at night, only for a few short periods of time they ceased. One afternoon, I was in the kitchen with my nephew and two cats that were sleeping on the oven heater, it was about nine thirty; There was a noise outside and then the kitchen door handle shook very hard. The two animals, almost flying, went very frightened towards the attic. Outside there was nothing, it was no imagination!

The American parapsychologist Robert Morris experimented with animals (a dog, a cat, a rattlesnake and a rat) by putting them in a "haunted" house, right in the room where a homicide had been committed. As reported, the dog growled and left there, and it was impossible to convince him to go back in. The cat, in his turn, bristled his hair and out of sheer fear he nailed his nails to his master, who was carrying him in her arms, while he looked at a specific point. As for the rattlesnake, he adopted an attack stance aimed at the same part of the room that the cat had been looking at. Finally, only the rat was totally indifferent to that room.

Maria Simma, the mystic who saw the purgative souls, was asked: "Are animals sensitive to the presence of the souls in Purgatory?", to which she replied: "Yes, especially horses, dogs and chickens. I know of many cases in which horses clearly refused to pass in front of buildings where it was later discovered that the souls were demonstrating to attract attention [in order to intercede for them]".

For his part, Father Gabriel Amorth, an exorcist from Rome, says that in a place with alleged manifestations of spirits "the behavior of domestic animals is important. It often happens that, when we have the impression that someone is in our own room, the cat or the dog keeps its gaze fixed on a certain point; and they may perhaps flee in terror, as if that mysterious being were approaching them. I could narrate many interesting cases... For the moment it is enough for me to say that, in my opinion, animals do not see anything in particular, but rather have a greater sensitivity than man to notice an eventual presence".

The Bible, by the way, narrates the case of a donkey that was able to see a spiritual presence, but it was not terrifying, but an angel; It is narrated in the book of Numbers. Balaam had been entrusted by the king of Moab with the task of cursing the Israelites. Balaam mounted his donkey to do the job, but an angel got in the way to hinder him and the animal did not advance and left the road despite the blows that his master gave him (cf. Nm 22, 22-23). Finally, the donkey speaks to Balaam, and God opens Balaam's eyes allowing him to see the angel.]

June 22, The man was with me from one o'clock until after five o'clock, it was very bad. He repeatedly leaned over me and sat by my bed. I really cried out of fear, then prayed the "hours" to avoid seeing him. Then he was pacing again, groaning disgustingly. He looks more familiar to me now, but I can't find who it is yet. I've become very cowardly, it takes effort to decide to go to my room in the evening. But I can usually fall asleep quite well.

June 24. He came back and grabbed my shoulder. I said: "Tell me what you want and then don't come anymore." No answer; walked across the room a few more times and then was gone. But I had completely lost my calm. At six o'clock in the morning he came back. By day he looks even more hideous, seems disgusting, belongs to the slovenliest category of ghosts that have come. I said, "Don't disturb me, I

want to prepare for Holy Communion!" Then he came very close to me and raised his hands imploringly. I felt so sorry for him that I promised him a lot. Then I said, "Can't you talk?" At which he shook his head. "Do you suffer a lot?" Then he groaned horribly. I gave him lots of holy water and then he was gone.

June 27. He was back that night. Looks familiar; racking my brains who it could be. He's very unsympathetic.

June 28, once again; I also saw the two women in the church.

June 29, He was back in the room when I went to sleep. It could be the murdered shepherd Fritz. I ask him right away, but he didn't respond. I prayed with him and he stared at me so badly that I was really scared. I asked him to leave and then he really did.

June 30, He came very briefly, his moans woke me up.

July 1, again, really think it's Shepherd Fritz. But his face is so black that I have a hard time recognizing him. But figure, nose and eyes are all "He", I've seen him so much in life.

July 2, He came back, didn't look so shaggy anymore and didn't stay long. I addressed him as "Schäfer Fritz," which it seems came naturally to him.

July 3, He came very briefly. I asked: "Are you the murdered shepherd Fritz?" Then he said clearly: "Yes!"

July 4, He came to me in the morning, looked at me sadly and soon left, also didn't answer anything.

July 5, It struck me how everything is clearer about him. He made the sign of the cross while praying.

July 6, I'm quite happy because he can talk now. I asked him, "Why do you always come to me?" He: "Because you always prayed for me." (That's right, because I've always felt sorry for the poor fellow, he always looked so peculiar, even as a boy.) Me: "What saved you?" He: "Insight and repentance." Me: "Didn't you die right away?" He: "No." Me: "Will you be released soon?" He: "Not for a long time." Then I gave him permission to keep coming to me if it makes him feel good. How striking it is that a man who is so crude in life, when separated from his body, speaks like this.* Now I am no longer afraid of him, I just want to help him to the best of my ability. How merciful is the dear God!

*Pastor Sebastian Wieser remarks: "The behavior of this apparition is like the echo of earthly life. I knew shepherd Fritz well - he was a "buck" in the parish. No one would be interested in describing him. Here it is, only because the saying "like the tree falls, so it lies", shows itself clearly. Furthermore, because it really shows the greatness of God's mercy. In the church he rarely showed himself. He had an only son, who as a sneak and liar already caused a stir at school and caused his superiors a lot of annoyance. If the boy had to be punished at school, the old man pulled out all the stops in his outrage at the teacher and pastor. I prophesied to him that he would be beaten again by this only son! - As this one son was 17 years old, tall and strong, he shackled his father at midnight and was then sentenced to death. As a victim of a family tragedy, shepherd Fritz entered the afterlife. No one knew if he died immediately or if he came to again. The latter seems to have been the case. The murderer knocked him down in the barn and left him to his fate. The body was only discovered in the morning hours. Now he's coming back dead with "shaggy black hair and hideous eyes," unrecognizable until June 27. From then on, his picture becomes clearer and on July 6th he says that he wasn't dead straight away, that "insight and repentance" saved him - from damnation!"

July 8, He came very briefly.

July 9, He came at 6 o'clock and gave me a nudge on the shoulder, waking me up. Otherwise I would have overslept. Me: "Do you care so much that I go to Holy Mass?" - He: "You can help me a lot."

July 11, very briefly.

July 12, We prayed together, then I: "What do you have to suffer?" He: "I'm on fire!" Then he came towards me and before I could fight back, he pressed a finger on my hand. I was so scared and it hurt so bad I screamed. Now I have a red spot that will hopefully go away soon. It is a very special feeling to have this visible sign from the other world.*

*There are several published books that Poor Souls have burned burn marks into. A prayer book is famous, in which a hand has burned through many leaves.

Pastor Sebastian Wieser remarks: "On July 12, he says: 'I'm on fire!', presses a finger on the princess's hand and leaves behind a red burn mark that I saw myself."

In the desert

July 15, 1923. After a little break he came back tonight. I told him never to touch me again or I wouldn't pray for him anymore. I also told him that he might go and see the pastor.

July 18, I found him already in the room when I wanted to go to sleep. It seemed to me that there was another figure next to him, but I can't say for sure yet. He always prays with me now, i.e., he mumbles something next to me. He no longer answers questions.

July 21, Now they come as a pair, but I can't think who the other is. He is hideous, dirty and shaggy, doesn't talk. Seeing the two women in the church, I knelt beside them; judging by their eyes there would have been no more room for me next to them. They kept looking at me. Couldn't talk to them because of rosary prayer.

Saw the woman in the chicken yard, finally she speaks, her name is Adelgunde. She looks very nice and looks at me in a very friendly way. She is in the old Swabian costume, an old woman. When I asked what she wanted from me, she said: "Pray!"

July 24, Shepherd Fritz and the other came twice in the night, all in silence, but not very comfortable.

July 29, Nothing special to report. The two now come every night. The new one looks disgusting, Shepherd Fritz is getting clearer and clearer. When asked how long she would be around, Adelgunde answered: "Three times eighty."

August 1, I know the second one now, it's G...*, who died of smallpox a few years ago. When I asked Shepherd Fritz about it, he said: "See for yourself!" He came very close to me again and I quickly hid my hands.

*G... was replaced by Pastor Sebastian Wieser and buried by him. He had died from the black typhus.

August 4, Both stayed long; I asked why G... also came to me. Answer: "He was looking for you."

August 9, I had no rest all night, they kept coming. G... is more scary, I asked him to leave me alone.

Shepherd Fritz said: "Bring us sacrifices." Now I'm ashamed to have been so hard-hearted.

August 10, Shepherd Fritz came so close to me again, but looked very friendly, so I said to him: "Don't you have to suffer so much anymore?" He: "No." Me: "Can you pray for me yet?" He: "No." Me: "Where are you always?" He: "In the desert." Me: "Will you come to see me often?" He: "No." Me: "Why not?" He: "I'm not allowed to anymore!" Me: "Did I help you?" He: "Yes." Then he was gone. G... stayed alone, which was eerie for me. He's moaning and looking so angry. But if I can help him too, I'll be happy.

I forgot to note that in the hospital I also saw a former matron for the second time, she looks very sad.

August 11, G... came four times in the night. He doesn't answer anything. He can't keep still, he's always running around. I'm actually sad that Shepherd Fritz is no longer coming; in the end it was a kind of protection for me. G... is very scary for me, but I would like to help him.

In general my nerves must be much better. I get used to the uninvited guests and can sleep quite well afterwards.

August 12, very briefly.

"I am happy!"

August 13, 1923, I had a great joy. When I was picking currants, the old Wood woman suddenly stood next to me. Me: "Yes, Wood Man*, you haven't forgotten me, how are you?" She: "I'm happy!" Then

she was gone. That was a nice appearance, we often picked together and then she said to me once: "I'll definitely have to go around the vegetable garden again!" We laughed together and I said, "Come to me just once!" Now she really could.

*Pastor Sebastian Wieser reports that she had been ill for years and was purified by many ailments. What consolation for many simple people who, in addition to their modest circumstances, still have a lot to suffer from illnesses! The love of God surrounds them. The woman who had to fetch the wood and use it to heat all the ovens in the castle was called the "Wood Man".

A knight in armor

August 14, I saw a knight in armor kneeling in front of the altar in the church. At first I believed it a scam. In order to be able to see it clearly, I went very close to him from the oratory. He let himself be looked at for a while, then he was gone.

G... stayed with me a long time, he's got a terrible restlessness.

August 17, G... back, now he's watching when I'm praying.

August 19, again twice in the night. - When I'm in the oratory, there's a knock now; but as often as I look at the door, nothing happens.

August 20, I saw the knight in the church again standing by the altar; he is a giant of stature. Perhaps the man buried in the chancel of the church, found when the new pavement was being made; had unusually large bones.

August 23, Had a very uncomfortable night. I knew G... was there, but the electric light didn't come on. I heard and felt him but could not see him. It was horribly scary. I didn't have the courage to get up and get some matches. After about an hour I knew he was gone, more by feel than hearing. This sensation was completely new to me.

August 24, The knocking on the oratory door increases. When I look out there is nothing there. When I'm back in, it starts again; it is very disturbing, because I would like to have my peace and quiet.

August 26, G... was there for a long time, audibly praying along with the litany of Lauretania. Was a little better, not so dark anymore.

August 30, Always the same. The noise in the oratory is often unbearable, shouting and knocking. - The knight can be seen almost every day. In the chapel in the hospital I saw Sister Hedwig.*

*Waal has a small hospital where Sister Hedwig Ostertag was matron.

September 2, When I came out of the garden, I saw G... standing at my window, checking on me. Was a very special feeling; was then a bit afraid to go into my room, but it was pleasantly empty.

September 6, Finally G... speaks. Me: "Say what you want!" He: "Help!" Me: "Why do you have to suffer?" He: "Unrepented sins!" Me: "Why are you coming to me?" He: "Because the way to you is free." Me: "How free?" Unfortunately no answer, otherwise I might have blocked the way.

September 7, Saw G... in front of his house. He's not so terrible to look at anymore, he's becoming friendlier and friendlier. It is inexplicable to me how, because I can only help him so little.

I take back what I wrote on the 6th, I don't want to block the way if I could. It would be disgustingly selfish, but I should be happy if I can help a little.

Two sisters who gave scandal

September 8, 1923. It was quite an exciting day. Saw the eleven again after a long time, have become more human. - Then I saw the knight and the two women in the church, who finally answered me. Me: "Why are you always there?" She: "Because we gave offense." Me: "Who were you?" She: "We are sisters." Then they were gone. They look evil, they have such piercing eyes.

In the chicken yard was Adelgunde; the hens also saw and ran away, frightened. Up close she doesn't have an old face, as I always thought. She had something in her hand, it could be a knife, but I can't say for sure.

When I see so many different shapes in one day, I live with them more than with my surroundings. This seeing can not be forgotten so quickly, and it is not easy not to get noticed by others, and it makes me spiritually tired.

September 9, I saw old Heinz standing by the fence in the shooting range*, I was really scared because he was so close. It looks awful, I just hope it stays downstairs!

*The shooting range is located next to the nursery of Waal Castle and is now planted with fruit trees; it used to be used for target practice.

G... was with me at night a long time, he's really quite tame now. First we prayed and then we spoke. Me: "What is the best thing for you that I do for you?" He: "Go to Holy Mass." Me: "Have you already seen the good Lord?" He: "Yes." Me: "Do you still see him?" He: "No." Me: "Why not?" He: "Unclean!" Me: "What is your suffering?" He: "Embers!" (But it could also have been called something else, it was just a gurgling sound.) Me: "Do you know where Shepherd Fritz is now because he's not coming anymore?" He: "No." Then he was gone.

September 13, Was there briefly. - Saw the knight in the church again.

September 15, The eleven passed beside me; it seems to me that they are female figures, but still enveloped in the fog.

Aunt Marie Sch...

September 16, 1923. When I was getting a book from the library that evening, Aunt Marie Sch... suddenly stood next to me, laughing very friendly. Me: "Are you okay?" She: "Thank you." Then she waved at me and was gone. Made me happy. How strange that the old acquaintances are now coming back. Was very busy these days and very cheerful and didn't even think about what I had already experienced in the library.

There was a lot of noise in the oratory and the constant shouting of "You! You!", but nothing to be seen.

September 19, G... was here for a long time, quite clear now. Me: "Tell me why the way to me is free." He: "You attract us!" Me: "How?" He: "Through the soul." Me: "Can you see them?" He: "Yes." Me: "But I don't like that you come to me, go to better people!" He: "I won't come anymore because others are waiting." Me: "Are you feeling better?" He: "Yes." Then he looked at me, almost smiling, and was gone. What is to come now? I confess I'm scared, because how long it always takes for such a poor soul to stop being frightening. But that's how it has to be.

Adelgunde, the child murderess

September 21, Adelgunde was up there with me, she really has a knife in her hand; she prayed with me. Me: "Why do you have the knife?" She: "I murdered." Me: "Who?" She: "My child." Me: "How can I help you?" She: "Give me your hand!" I was so scared I couldn't do it. I'm so cowardly, now I'm sorry. She left right away. I want to overcome myself when she comes back, but I'm very upset, I know how it burns.

Seen the eleven and the knight, these are rather unnerving. In the oratory there is sometimes thick fog at the door and the steps when I can't see it elsewhere. I don't know if that has anything to do with the noise. It is always equally loud; unfortunately others don't hear anything.

Saw Nicholas in the rooms again, when we were all together, he looked quite happy.

September 23, Adelgunde is back, she's getting more and more disgusting to me; even if they are not with me, their eyes follow me.

September 27, She was there again, always wants to take my hand; I can't give it to her, everything in me resists it.

September 30, She was with me for almost two hours, it was bad. - I saw the knight in the church kneeling next to the altar between altar boys during high mass.

October 2, Adelgunde continues to torment me, she runs around the room furiously and looks at me with her burning eyes, she searches for my hand. I'm very cowardly, I still can't get over it.

October 4, I asked her what she wanted from me. Answer: "Your hand!" And yet I couldn't give it to her. I cannot describe how terrified I am of her. I prayed with her, but she didn't care. I asked her where her child is buried, if she was still able to confess her sin, etc. No answer.

October 5, She was sitting on my bed when I woke up, but only for a moment.

October 6 and 7, I was pretty miserable that night, when she didn't come, although I was really expecting her.

October 8, Thank God I was able to overcome myself; she came and I asked, "How can I help you?" She: "Give me your hand!" So I stretched out both my hands to her. It cannot be described what kind of battle with nature it is. Nothing burned me, but I felt bones; she didn't let go of my hands right away, it seemed like a very long time. Then she said, "Now I won't come any more," and was gone. The women's appearances strike me as much more repulsive than the men. What struck me about Adelgunde was that

everything hung on her in tatters and yet it gave the impression of a complete dress; I've never noticed that before.

I would like some rest now, because I am often so tired that I could fall asleep on my feet. - The noise in the oratory is better, only now and then.

"I was too earthly minded"

October 12, When I was sitting at my desk, a thick fog or odorless smoke surrounded me during the day, I could no longer distinguish an image. I asked if it was the eleven, no answer. Then I sprinkled holy water and everything was clear again.

Saw the knight in the church. I walked out of the oratory and asked, "Can I do anything for you?" He continued to pray without looking at me. He looks very good-natured up close in the beautiful armour, like a museum piece. Unfortunately, I'm too uneducated to determine the century. - I'm very afraid that big things will come again. If my notes are to be true, then I must remark everything, and so I must also say that without Holy Communion, I couldn't stand it at all.

October 13, Had a really turbulent night, lots of noise in the fog.

Saw Nurse Hedwig in the hospital, spoke to her on the stairs. Me: "Why are you always there?" She: "I was too earthly minded." Then she went into the pantry. She doesn't look so sad anymore.

October 15, The eleven floated in front of me, they didn't answer anything. In the night terrible noise

with me, now three figures are coming - not recognizable.

October 17, During the day fog again around me and the unmistakable feeling that something is there.

October 19, Awoke to a scream next to me, then a tangle of tones and fog again.

October 20, a figure there.

October 21, The misty figures walked up and down the room, can't do anything with them, they also walk around when praying. I really can't describe what they are like. Fog isn't the right word, perhaps more like formed fumes. So far it's not scary, just a little spooky. They are similar to the 11, but are different again, much denser.

Saw the knight again. It belongs in a different category than what we have seen so far. He looks perfectly happy and prays incessantly.

October 24, The appearance somewhat clearer, it seems to me to be a female figure; nothing more to be seen of three streaks of fog.

October 25, a lot of noise, it's getting a little uncomfortable.

Catherine

October 27, I can now clearly see a woman, albeit still dimly, she is very restless.

October 28, The woman is disgusting, especially her mouth is all swollen and disgusting. She looks bitterly angry, wrapped in a gray rag.

October 29, I found her in my room in the evening, her eyes haunt me, she cannot speak.

October 30, She came just as I was getting up. I said, "Go away, you're bothering me," but she didn't care. Then I prayed the morning prayer with her, then she left. I'm afraid of her, she disgusts me, I might be hard on her. Where's my charity? I get more and more depressed by these things when I have to be with people all day and can't think for myself. I am then divided, the soul in the other world, i.e., busy with it, and the other world I have to feign interest in, which I don't have at all. This conflict makes me tired and I have less courage.

October 31, A dreadful night; she was there twice, always long. She leans against the wall and looks at me cheekily, with a very hideous expression. She doesn't react to anything, but remains calm when she prays. Her mouth is hideous, a big red bulge, and shaggy black hair. She's always unspeakably creepy.

November 1, I fought with her half the night not to get too close to me, but she doesn't have any obstacles. I then threatened not to pray for her anymore, if she bothers me like that, then she's gone.

November 2, It was the worst night I've had. The figure is like a fury; I didn't even know what to do, I ran out of the room. But I have to carry it alone, I don't want to wake anyone up. She followed me into the hallway so I'm back again. Tried to pray, but very badly, because the fear is too great. She keeps coming so close to me, it's hard to bear. There is something so terrifying about her that I cannot, with

the best will in the world, describe it. She stayed with me from 11am to 5am; I was very cowardly.

November 3, She didn't come until 5am, so I had a better night. I prayed with her right away and didn't look at her when her head was suddenly very close to me and I heard her mumble something incomprehensible. I said, "If you want me to pray for you again, go far away from me, I can't bear to be near you." Then she screamed loudly and was gone. Now my heartlessness makes me very sad, because I decided to hurt her.

November 4, I'm very glad she forgave me and was back. She moved that hideous mouth, but I heard nothing. I told her: "If I can really help you, give me a sign and come wake me up at 5 am, then I want to do a lot more for you." Then I slept very well. At 5 o'clock sharp I heard a scream and she was next to me. How happy that made me, now I want to endure everything again.

The good old 11 were back on the mountain, I'm not even scared of them anymore.

The knight can almost always be seen in the church.

November 5, Very scary night because she was there so often and so restless. I asked her a lot with no answer. Suddenly she pounced on me and breathed something in my ear, couldn't understand it. When I told her that, she sobbed heartbreakingly; I promised her a lot, then she left.

November 6, She came to my room in the evening while the prayer bell was ringing, went to the holy water font and waited for me there. I gave it to her, then she was gone but came back in the night. It is much clearer and my courage is growing again.

I have found that if I make many sacrifices of will, that must help her too, for these days she is kinder; I pay attention to everything now. So far I've avoided writing all these things; but since it is desired, I do it.

There's also something I have to say. In the middle of work or even when I'm with others, something comes over me that I'm not clear about. It is the highest feeling of happiness, a merging into something else, a sense of closeness to God, it cannot be described. I can't say when that will come over me, often when I'm not even thinking about God. I've had this for a very long time, but now that it's increasing it might be good to have an acquaintance. I've always hated extravagant things, but now I just have to go along with what comes over me, and I urgently ask that someone tell me what is wrong in me. My prayer life has also changed, whether better or worse I don't know. It is more of a sinking into infinity without formulating prayers; I'm just in my nothingness before the good Lord.

November 7, The stranger came very close to me and again she whispered something in my ear, but unfortunately I didn't understand anything. I can see her clothes now (late 16th century, lady knight). I've lost the terrible fear. It is always incomprehensible to me that I feel as soon as a spirit is with me. Even when I'm awake, in the dark, without hearing anything, I'm aware that I'm no longer alone. I have never been wrong.

November 8, She was with me most of the night, very calm. I've found a new prayer that she obviously likes; her gaze became much friendlier. But I don't dare fall asleep again in her presence.

November 10, She whispered in my ear again, it could mean "peaceless," but I can't say for sure. I asked her and she shook her head sadly.

November 11, The knight was present throughout the high mass. It is already the second time on Sunday; so maybe it has something to do with the cross particle? - She was with me during the day.

November 12, Finally she can talk. Her name is Catherine. Otherwise she was really great again, but kept saying "peaceless, peaceless!" and walked around. She hasn't replied to anything, but I hope to hear more from her.

Also seen the 11 again.

November 13, Catherine was there late; started different prayers to see which one she wants. She shook her head at all of them until I came back to a prayer which I noticed before that she liked. For the first time, a ghost knelt down next to me, triggering a very special feeling. Then I asked: "Have you lived here in the castle?" She: "Yes." Me: "Are you buried here?" She: "No." For other questions she remained silent.

November 14, I experienced something very special. I was very tired and had bad intentions to sleep in and not go to church. I dreamed of a poor woman who kept asking and I didn't give her anything. I woke up with a start, and Catherine was standing in front of my bed with pleading hands. I said, "Thank you for waking me up; how did you know my thoughts?" She: "I am connected to you." Me: "By what?" No answer. She: "Do you still want to make sacrifices?" Me: "Yes, what else should I do for you?" She: "Give me peace!" Me: "How can I do that?" She: "Through love." The poor souls, now I will take good

care of them. Unfortunately, I still think too much about my comfort; could make so much sacrifice if it wasn't for that. If I were only allowed to live only for the spirits, then it would be easier, but I have to live with people and sometimes my physical strength just isn't enough. It is a relief for me to write all of this as I am not yet able to do without human comfort and mostly it is a reassurance that someone is watching over me. I always want to keep quiet about things that particularly concern me, but if you want a picture to be completely accurate, you can't omit any color. And now I do it in obedience. There seems to be some smug thoughts creeping in as I write, so I figure, why don't other people feel the same way? This would be better! I am now forced to think a little more about myself, so the counterweight will find itself.

November 15, She was there for a long time without speaking. If the mouth weren't so repulsive, she wouldn't be awkward at all. I think she will become even more forthcoming.

Saw the 11 and the knight.

Saw old Heinz for the second time in the garden, he looks terrible.

How can I help so many?!

When I was sitting with everyone during the day, Catherine was suddenly there across from me and motioned for me to come, but I couldn't do anything. - I was happy that I saw so much, because I had asked the dear God at Holy Mass to send me quite a lot today if this service pleases Him. Now I'm calmed down. That was a nice name day present.

November 16, Catherine came at 1 a.m. I prayed with her for a long time, then I asked, "Can you tell me what's on your mouth?" She: "Do you see that?" Me: "Yes, tell me why it is like that." She: "I've always divided people." Then she began to sob terribly. Me: "I'm so sorry for you! Do you have to suffer for a long time?" She: "Yes." Me: "Will it help if you come to me?" She: "Yes." Me: "How?" She: "Peace!" Me: "Express yourself more clearly!" She: "You give me peace." Me: "But how can I do that?" Then she came very close and said something in my ear, I couldn't understand it, then she was gone. - It's strange how time flies with the poor. When she came it was a little after 1am on my watch and when she left it was 4:30am. I thought it was half an hour at most. She is beautifully dressed with a long gold chain; if only I could draw; she is not old, maybe 40 years. I hope she comes back, I almost love her.

November 17, She is now coming to see me in other rooms as well, was seen nine times.

November 19, Two days of complete rest, very pleasant.

November 20, Catherine was with me almost the whole night, very calm, just standing there like that. Heinz came too, looks horrible, clearly recognizable. He is very restless and moans terribly. I asked Catherine: "Do you see the poor soul standing with you by my side?" She: "No." Me: "Why not?" She: "Because I'm only connected to you..." Then she said something I didn't understand. Me: "Will you come to see me often?" She: "If I may." Me: "Who allows you?" She: "Mercy!: Then she was gone.

Saw the knight in the church in the afternoon. I went to him to ask him; he doesn't move, keeps on

praying. I felt his armor, it was hard. It is not an old man, has long blond hair.

November 21, Heinz was there for a very long time, looking restless and angry. He keeps whimpering, praying makes him even more restless, almost angry. Catherine came towards morning. I found it very pleasant not to be alone with Heinz anymore. Then she began her dear prayer of her own accord that made me cry. Quite regretted still thinking about myself. Heinz stood by. The difference between the two is great, like shadow and light, like anger and mildness. Catherine has changed completely. I said, "Are you feeling better?" She: "I see the clarity!" Me: "Can I now devote myself entirely to the other poor soul?" She: "Don't leave me yet!" Then both were gone. - If only I could summon up more of myself to help them. I could fast even more, but then I can no longer satisfy everyone else, I no longer have the strength to hide during the day what I suffer at night.

November 22, I have the greatest desire to cross out what I wrote yesterday, but I don't do it so that people know how unloving and cowardly I am. How could I doubt that God will give me the strength?

Both were back. Heinz dislikes prayer, which shows on his face. But I don't worry about it, I pray. I noticed a change in Catherine's mouth; she also smiles sometimes. I said, "Tell me when you died!" She: "Hornung 1680." Me: "Where are you buried?" She: "In Kempten."* I: "Why is your soul here?" She: "I brought discord!" Me: "Do you perhaps know Barbara?" She: "Yes." Me: "Tell me more!" Then she was gone. Heinz must be able to see her because he came very close to her when she talked.

*Kempten is the capital of the Bavarian Allgäu, best known for the Basilica of St. Lorenz and the princely residential palace,

both built by the famous Vorarlberg master of the baroque, Michael Beer.

November 24, The two were there for a long time, but nothing to do with them. I'm very happy when Catherine is there with Heinz, then it's not so terrible.

November 25, Heinz was there alone. He was so boisterous that I always thought he would fall into my bathroom. I said, "Do you have something to tell me?" Then he went wild, ran away, came back and moaned horribly; it wasn't pleasant.

November 26, The two again. I said to Catherine: "I thought your namesake redeemed you because you weren't there yesterday." Then she said: "Catherine of Siena"; so snappy I almost laughed.

November 27, I was not well, could not sleep, waiting for my friends. Nothing happened like it always does when I'm in pain. This consideration is too strange.

November 28, Pain again, without ghosts.

November 29, Heinz was there alone. Praying and asking annoys him.

November 30, Catherine was already waiting for me when I went to bed. Night prayer with her, then I said, "Why haven't you come for so long?" She: "You gave me a lot, look here!" She pointed to her mouth, everything abominable is gone. I cannot describe the feeling of joy about it. Me: "Don't you have to suffer so much anymore?" She: "No." Me: "Tell me, when can I best help you?" She: "If you don't sin." Me: "I can't do that yet!" She whispers something in my ear again, unfortunately I can't understand it. It may have been "union" or "opinion". Then she was gone.

Not to sin - oh, if I could! Sometimes everything bubbles up in me with anger and I'm so wrong because I don't let it show.

Heinz

December 1, Very uncomfortable night. Old Heinz was there a long time and was horrible. I asked if he shot my grandfather* back then. This made him angry. Before I could fight back, he lunged at me and squeezed my neck so hard I felt like choking. It probably only lasted a second, but it was horrible and shook me completely. I will never forget those angry eyes. With each of these spirit touches (three so far) I feel more disgust than pain or like touching a toad or snake.* All of this cannot be described.

*Her grandfather's name was Carl Eugen Damian Erwein I. (1798-1879); he was married to Sophie Therese von Schönborn-Buchheim (d. 1876). Her grandfather's picture hangs in the drawing room.

*This violence is a mystery of the wickedness that man carries with him through death. While he wanted evil in life, he now has to unintentionally carry all the ugliness of his actions with him. From this appearance we can understand why the pagans had a boundless fear of the dead and tried to drive them away from their place of life with noise and masks.

December 2, He was with me from 2-6 p.m.; he was so intrusive that I could hardly resist. I held out the cross particle to him and he screamed and retreated to a corner where he stayed like a snarling angry dog. It was very bad; I longed for Catherine.

The knight was again seen throughout the Sunday service. - Seen the 11, which is a mystery to me.

December 3, First came Heinz and then Catherine. I asked her, "Don't you see the other ghost yet?" She: "No." Me: "Why not?" She: "This circle has been overcome!" Me: "Please tell me if it's an evil spirit." She: "Save him!" I prayed with her for a long time. Heinz was quiet but obnoxious.

December 4, A shadow walked up the stairs in front of me during the day and into my room, where I no longer saw it.

Heinz there that night, prayed with him, which doesn't matter to him at all. It always strikes me how dark the phantoms are in the face at the beginning; it really only becomes clear when they can talk.

December 5, Only Catherine there. Me: "Can you pray for me?" She: "Yes." Me: "Do you want to pray for me that no more poor souls come because I would like to have my peace again?" She: "No." Me: "Tell me, why?" She: "God's will!" (This statement really grabbed me like an order from God! Now there must be no more why, and self-thinking must stop.) I then showed her the cross particle and said: "Do you know that?" She: "Yes." Me: "What is it?" She: "Holy."

December 6, The new shadow back on the stairs bears some resemblance to the 11, maybe it's one of them.

Heinz there almost half the night. The cross particle is my protection, now it doesn't come so close to me.

December 7, My dear Catherine stayed a long time. Me: "Tell me how it is that you have been in purgatory for so long? Have you caused so much mischief with your tongue?" She: "Yes, without

remorse, without confession!" Me: "Then how did you get saved?" She: "Alms!"* Me: "Why did you die without Holy Sacraments?" She: "Drowned!" Me: "What else can I do for you?" She (whispers in my ear again): "Share in the body of Christ," but can't say for sure; I'm sure I only heard: "Share" and "Christ", then she was gone. Immediately afterwards came Heinz, always the same. I'm still doing so little for him, I'm still divided and what little I can do is just not enough for two. It strikes me that I'm no longer frightened when something comes, and I can now see at night, but I'm more comfortable in the light.

*In keeping with Catholic teaching, it is important to note that the giving of alms and other good works is not what saves the soul; rather, it is the acceptance of grace through faith. Asking for intercession from a priest or Mother Mary, giving to the poor, etc. are merely the outward signs of saving faith.

December 8, Heinz was like a madman. He threw himself on the ground, I prayed to Our Lady and he calmed down a bit. But these prayers of mine are very careless, pure lip prayer, because my whole thinking is taken up by the phantom, which I cannot take my eyes off of because of fear.

At 3 a.m. he left to come back at 5 a.m. I said: "Go away, I want to go to church, I can pray for you better there." Then he cried out disgustingly. So I prayed with him again; he sobbed so badly that I wanted to say something friendly to him. Then I remembered that when I was a child he often handed me plums over the fence. So I said, "I thank you for making me happy, I haven't forgotten. Tell me how I can help you, I'd be happy to do it." There was a gurgling sound and he held out his hand; I took it, it was hot. Then his face became friendlier, if you can call it that, because he is very repulsive. I said, "Now go away, I have to go to church," and he

left. Our friendship is now, I think, forged, because as soon as I can give love against fear, it gets better.

The 11 were waiting for me on the mountain; seen next to the snow, they are very grey.

"Can't you tell me about the afterlife?"

December 9, Catherine came; I was just awake and noticed something new that reminded me of electric light. The moment the spirit comes, my own being is turned off; a "click" in my brain and all my other thoughts are gone. The supernatural has a compelling power. Unfortunately I had no pain; I would have been interested to know whether these also disappeared. - She came very close and put her hand on my forehead as if she wanted to do something kind to me. Me: "Why are you so friendly today?" She: "Everything bright." Me: "Where bright?" She: "In me and you." Me: "What else can you see of me?" She: "Longing." Then she was gone. Because I have to be honest, I have to say that I was looking forward to Holy Communion, but I really hate to write that kind of stuff - seems to be going into extravagant territory. - Heinz was there, nothing special.

December 10, same.

December 11, The new shadow in my room by day, Catherine at night, was again very friendly. Me: "Can't you tell me anything about the afterlife?" She: "No." Me: "Aren't you allowed?" She: "Believe!" Me: "Is it what you thought it was?"* She: "Yes." Me: "Tell me why I don't see you when I'm in pain!" She: "Because then you have no strength."

*It also happened to the selfless princess that a curious question rose to her lips. The answer: "Believe!" If there were a strict order in the world affected by original sin, faith would become scientific knowledge, and human freedom would be abolished. Only faith allows freedom to say yes or no to religious truths. God keeps every coercion away from man, making him a responsible person, even in evil.

Then Heinz came, always the same.

December 12, The new shadow was next to me, no one noticed. Heinz was there a long time, a little better, doesn't seem to be hostile to prayer anymore either. There was something else in my room at the same time, maybe the shadow, couldn't distinguish it most of the night. I was so tired that I asked it to leave, when the horrible moans and whimpers came; so I withdrew my request and began to pray again. I've had an abominable thought because I envied the others who are allowed to sleep.

December 14, Seen everything, the 11, the knight, the shadow, Catherine and Heinz, but didn't speak.

December 15, a hideous night. It was as if a large bird were always banging against the window. Because I thought my winter window wasn't hung, I got up to see. Everything was fine, no storm either, but there was a large black shadow or figure that filled me with horror, more animal than human. I was terribly scared, quickly left the window. I was very relieved when Catherine came. Me: "Did you see the ghastly thing?" She: "No, but your fear." Me: "Are you always there?" She: "Yes." Me: "Why can't I see you?" She was gone. - The good Lord will protect me from the ghastly.

December 16, The noise was at the window again, I didn't see anything. Catherine landed there, she knelt down during her loving prayer, then she said:

"Thank you!" Me: "You look completely different, don't you have to atone for it anymore?" She: "For me there is joy!" Me: "Aren't you coming anymore?" She: "No." Then she came very close and said something incomprehensible as if in another language – then she was gone. I'm almost sad not to see her anymore. She was a protection for me and I'm so scared of the bad guy at the window because it's completely different from what I've seen before. I have asked her many things, only write what I get an answer to.

Seen the knight and the 11; the shadow stands next to me - gray fog - I have to pray. Now after 10 minutes they are gone.

December 17, Heinz, the knight and the shadow. The horror at the window was mixed in with the storm, so I can't say anything specific.

December 18, Saw Nurse Hedwig in the chapel at the hospital looking very happy. When I came back, Heinz was in my room. Me: "I just prayed so much for you, tell me what else you want!" He: "Sorry!" Me: "Did you shoot my grandfather?" He: "Instigated, slandered!" Me: "I'm happy to forgive you. Do you still have to suffer a lot?" He: "Yes." Me: "Can I ask if you were sick or possessed?" He: "Possessed." Me: "By whom?" He: "Spirit of lies." He said all this in a tearful tone and looked pitiable. I'm so glad he's finally talking. (It actually seems wrong to me that I expose the faults of the poor, like a loveless betrayal of trust; obedience and charity come into conflict with me.)*

*Pastor Sebastian Wieser writes: "I knew old Heinz just as well as Fritz and others. He lived opposite my house and I often visited him during the days of his insanity. Heinz died about 50 years ago. The shot hole is still visible today. He now confesses

that he was the instigator of the fatal shot and that he was possessed by the spirit of lying. I believe that a large proportion of 'foolish people' are possessed."

In all appearances I find the unhappiness most marked in the position of the arms. Unfortunately, I can neither describe it nor draw it.

The "Abomination"

December 19, The "abomination" was with me, now I can clearly distinguish it. It is oversized, shaggy and black, snorting in a hideous way. I protected myself with the cross particle and holy water. It stared at me, then went out the window. I've never seen anything so hideous other than in menageries, and it's in my room.

Heinz came toward morning. Me: "Would you like to pray with me?" He: "Yes." Me: "Does it relieve you?" He: "Yes." Me: "Then why did you choke me the other day?" He: "In agony!" Me: "Are you not going to do it anymore?" He: "No!" Me: "Why don't you go to your relatives?" He: "No way!" When he prays, he is very different now.

December 20, The "abomination" was there almost all night. I was awake and had light and then a bang came in through the window, it was very bad. Luckily it always stayed far from me, but those eyes! I don't think I could go through a night like this often. I felt completely godforsaken.

Heinz was there twice, he seemed to notice the "abomination" because he turned around once; didn't answer anything.

December 21, Saw the shadow in my room. Heinz was there. Me: "Can you see the unhappy thing that was here with you yesterday?" He: "Yes." Me: "Is he even more unhappy than you?" He: "Yes." Me: "Do you know who he is?" He: "No." Me: "Do you notice when I have received the Holy Sacraments?" He: "Yes." Me: "How?" He: "You attract." Then the rumble came and Heinz was gone. I tried to pray with this one too, when he came closer; in my cowardice I quickly stopped again. He looks like a big ape.

December 23, The worst thing I've experienced so far. The "abomination" came with a lot of noise and crouched in a corner, always staring at me. Because I was so cowardly yesterday and stopped praying, I plucked up a little courage and started. As soon as I said a few words, the "abomination" rushed at me with force. It wasn't pain I felt, but something so hideous that I must have passed out. I don't know what happened, but in any case I soon came to, found the light was still burning, but nothing was there. It made me miserable, I was able to sleep a little. Then Heinz came, but only briefly.

Saw the knight and the 11. The shadow followed me up the stairs and was also there when we straightened the Christmas tree. It's a bit much right now, because it's very difficult to hide all the impressions and remain human among ghosts.

December 24, Heinz was with me for a long time; he looks better. Me: "Are you feeling better?" He: "Yes." Me: "So you will soon be redeemed?" He: "18 X 7." Me: "Tell me if there are other poor souls with me that I can't see yet?" He: "Yes." Me: "Why can't I see them?" He: "You mustn't!" Then he was gone.

The shadow was at supper again and the 11 went down with me to Christmas mass. After Christmas mass, when I was still up, the worst came. As I stood, I saw that it was maybe twice my size. I was so scared I wanted to go out. Then it presented itself to me. Me: "You mustn't hurt me, it's Christmas Eve!" It roared and paced up and down. I knelt in front of my manger, prayerless and thoughtless, only in a nameless fear of what was to come. Always the eerie panting next to me. Finally I said, "If you can't talk, let me know if I can help you." Then he threw himself on the ground and howled like an animal. I gave him holy water and petted him a bit because it was Christmas, but it was awful. Prayed out loud, he was silent. His appearance is indescribable, no clothes but a coat and eyes! - And yet I am comforted, because if it were an evil spirit, I could not help it.

[December 25], Heinz woke me up for early mass, I heard a call, woke up and said: "Who's there?" Answer: "Gebhard."*I'm coming back more and more to my belief that the poor souls have always awakened me. The shadow was back in the dining room, so much so that I could hardly hide it. They asked what I had because I couldn't eat anymore. I just covered it up, they wouldn't understand me.

*He had two first names: Gebhard Heinz.

"We all walk in the night"

December 26, The poor man, as I want to call the "abomination" now, was with me for just a moment. The 11 were in front of the front door, they always stay the same, nothing can be done with them, but they are friendly towards me. The shadow was in my room during the day.

December 27, The poor man was with me a long time; I wanted to pray, and suddenly he was close to me and I fell silent. I've seen that he's all covered in bumps that are bleeding. Terribly disgusting if he just touches me anymore. How weak is my love for the poor man, because of how repugnant he is. Just as I was about to be heartless with him, Catherine suddenly stands there and points to her mouth, which also looked so horrible. She looks radiant now. I was happy about her and smiled at myself. Me: "Are you still with me?" She: "No." Me: "But why now?" She: "Because you were weak." Me: "Yes, I always am, but look at him, I must be afraid, can you see him?" She: "No - overcome!" And was gone. That was nice and I'm grateful if the spirits are now helping me to get better. - The poor man soon left too, I then got over myself and said to him: "Come back soon!" (It's very sad that at my age I still haven't grasped sacrifice- in the idea, yes - in the execution, no.)

December 28, Heinz was there. Because he looked so sad, I asked him why. He: "You didn't give me anything." Me: "Forgive me, I know I neglected you because I feel so sorry for the others; I want to take care of you first. Do you know who else comes to me besides you?" He: "We all walk in the night!" - Later the poor man came; looked at him closely, brown fur between wounds and bumps, so I thought the floor must be bloody. It looks awful. He stood next to me and stared at me. Me: "Can't help you much yet, someone else has to be helped first." Then he roared and ran around the room, then came towards me with his arm raised, and I was able to quickly hold the cross particle out to him. Then he kept growling like a bad dog, but stayed there. His presence makes my heart pound because he looks at me so cheekily and disgusts me so much. He doesn't look unhappy,

just angry. Now comes the struggle I've been through so many times: I should love the poor man and cannot, and yet only when I love the soul wrapped in abominations can I make sacrifices.

The shadow was there three times. I am very curious what will become of it; it's not scary at all, like a piece of walking wall. What scares me is very peculiar, and I've often wondered why small things affect me more than really frightening ones. I find cracking in the room uncanny, then when the apparition comes in through the window and not through the door, then a breath close to me, banging on the wall.

December 29, Heinz was there; I asked a lot but got no answer. He liked to pray and when I gave him holy water he kept very still.

The poor man came later, crouched in a corner and looked at me. I said, "Come here, I want to pray with you. Why are you like an animal?" He was next to my bed in one bound. When I began to pray, he cried out horribly and was in convulsions, a ball on the floor. Unfortunately, the cross particle was not near me. I gave him holy water. His spasm slowly eased and he lay flat on the floor. I could see how big he is and how bumpy he is. His face is actually a misshapen mass with eyes. Pity must stir when you see something like this. I got up and knelt down next to him and said to him: "Why don't you let me pray, I just want to help you. Now let me pray with you and you will see, it will help you!" So I prayed the Lord's Prayer, he listened quietly, but then he wrapped his abominable arm around me, it was very bad. I let it happen but said, "I'd rather help you if you don't touch me." He stayed in the same position, so I continued to pray, and because he was sobbing, I repented with him. I cried at his great misery.

Something strange happened: he let go of me and knelt down next to me, so I told him about the Christmas grace. Poor fellow, how badly he must suffer! - I said, "Can't you talk yet?" He shook his head. Me: "Do you understand me?" He nodded. I guess we've become friends now. Soon he was gone. It was bad, but now I'm happy. Making souls happy is even more beautiful than making people happy. How good is the dear Lord, I felt his closeness like never before, it has to be, because I couldn't do anything. Unfortunately, I have to admit that I work very little on myself now, I always stay on the same level and when I look at my table in the evening, I don't find anything good.

The shadow was there again during the meal and then it was in the corridor. Also encountered the 11.

December 30, Heinz was there a very long time. Whatever prayers I began, he was always dissatisfied, which was expressed in moans and unrest. Finally I came to the "Remembrance, oh kindest one,"* etc., and then he remained calm. It occurred to me that surely the Mother of God saved him. So I said, "How come you've been saved?" No answer. "I want to know!" He: "Mother of ...cy." (Probably "mercy", couldn't be understood.) Me: "Have you always admired her?" He: "Yes." Messages like this warm your heart and I was very happy. How many such questions have I asked without getting an answer.

*The Memorare: Remember, O most gracious Virgin Mary, that never was it known that anyone who fled to thy protection, implored thy help, or sought thy intercession was left unaided. Inspired with this confidence, I fly to thee, O Virgin of virgins, my Mother; to thee do I come; before thee I stand, sinful and sorrowful. O Mother of the Word Incarnate, despise not my petitions, but in thy mercy hear and answer me. Amen.

December 31, The poor man was there a long time, very restless.

At the table, the shadow came again, I got stuck in the middle of the conversation and everyone shouted, "Why are you making that stupid face?", which probably made it even more stupid. This is a new difficulty in staying natural when the supernatural is there.

January 1, 1924, Heinz and the poor man were there together, nothing special. I have to say again how I see the sadness in the arms position. With a human being it is not at all possible to put this expression into it. It is perhaps most reminiscent of a broken flower stalk, this limp hanging down, and there is so much in it, but I just can't really describe it.

January 2, The poor man was very unpleasant, kept coming so close and moaning; it was not possible to pray. I was terrified that he would touch me. That's the scariest thing for me, my whole nature resists it. I was very happy when Heinz came, with whom I prayed. Then the poor man was gone. Because I was terribly tired, I said, "Please let me sleep, I'm still praying for you." He: "What did you promise?" Then he was gone. I was small because of my laziness.

January 3, I woke up with a fright. The poor man had his hands on me, it was very bad. I asked him to go further away and prayed with him. But he was very restless, went into the next room, where I heard him rumbling for a long time. Heinz was there crying. Me: "Why are you so sad?" He: "It's something between you and me." Me: "Yes, I know, but I also have to pray for the others!" He: "You shouldn't!" Me: "But I'm so scared if I can't help the poor man that he'll torment me." He: "Yield!" Then

he was gone. It's very scary for me. What should I do with the poor man?

January 4, The poor man came. I told him I couldn't help him until the other soul was free. Then he screamed again and threw himself on me. It was very bad. Heinz came later. Me: "Are you satisfied with me now?" He: "Yes." Me: "Do I have to do everything for you, nothing for the others?" He: "Give more!" How he sees through me, because really, I could give more if I just wasn't "me".

January 5, The poor man came by day, so I could see his hideousness. I can't understand what's wrapped around his body, maybe not fur, but all covered with boils and bumps. Its size was like my oven. He came towards me with outstretched arms. I ran to my tower, he didn't catch up and then he was gone.

January 6, I had pain at night, nothing came; how strange; but pleasant. - The knight was in the church (Sunday).

"The agony wears off, the punishment doesn't!"

January 7, The poor man came back in through the window, there was so much noise that I woke up earlier. Me: "If you can't speak yet, give me signs as an answer. Are you a poor soul?" He nods. Me: "Can I really help you?" He nods again and comes very close. Me: "Do you know the other soul I have to help before you?" Shakes his head and wants to take my hand. I can't give it to him, this hand! Me: "Why do you always touch me?" Then he points to all his boils and screams hideously. I pray with him, he calms down, has his hand on my bed. Here comes

Heinz, they don't seem to see each other. Me: "Do you know that there is another soul?" He: "Yes." Me: "Do you see him?" He: "No." Me: "Then how do you know?" He: "Because you have already given." Me: "What did I give?" He: "Light!" Me: "What do you mean by light?" He: "The way!" Me: "Can I give it to you too?" He: "Yes." The poor man went. Heinz was there for a long time, I prayed a lot with him. I asked a lot with no answer. All this is incomprehensible to me, how I can give light - but one thing is clear to me, that the poor man will still need a lot.

January 9, The poor man with me from 10:30 to 4 a.m., nothing to do with him. He didn't take his eyes off me, which makes me very tired. His face might look a little more natural. Once he jumped up and wanted to pounce on me. I yelled at him, "You mustn't do that!" Then he was angry, but went back to his corner. I was very scared. When he was gone, I suddenly heard music from far away, it was something completely new. I opened the window, it didn't come from outside.

January 10, Heinz came in broad daylight, he looked very happy. Me: "You look quite happy, are you feeling better?" He: "Yes." Me: "Tell me how it is that you still have to atone. I have offered a plenary indulgence for you so many times." He: "Yes." Me: "Did you feel it?" He: "Yes, God is just, the torment will subside, the punishment will not!" Then he was gone.

Encountered the shadow, it takes the form of a woman, but not yet recognizable.

The poor man came in with a scream. I was still up and prayed with him right away. He put his hand on my head, I shook it off, then he said, "Give!" Me:

"What should I do for you?" He: "Sacrifice!" Me: "What?" He: "Will!" I knew right away what he meant, because I didn't want to touch him, now I had to. He held out his arms to me, I shook his hand, but not in a sacrificial way, but with reluctance. He now took my other hand. I felt his sticky hand in mine, I wanted to cry. I said, "What good can my hand do you?" He: "Cooling!" I stood there calmly but unhappily until his hands fell off of me. There was nothing more to talk to him about. He stayed for some time. It was bad.

January 11, Heinz was there almost all night. He looks really happy now. Me: "Tell me why you were possessed." He: "Annoyance!" Me: "Where are you now?" He: "In the shadows!" Me: "Still far from God?" He: "Yes." Me: "Will you still come to see me often?" He: "No." Me: "Why not?" He: "You can't give me anything anymore." Me: "But I'd be happy to help you." He: "I'm caught up!" Me: "What do you still have to suffer?" He: "The punishment of deprivation!" Then he was gone. How strange all this is. I only write down their words I am sure I understand. Because sometimes I have to ask more often because they often just mumble.

The "abomination" seems to recognize itself

January 12, The poor man was there, nothing new. Saw the shadow and the 11.

January 13, I woke up with a pressure on my right arm, the poor man bending over me. His head was so close I felt like dying of fear. I can't describe how awful it is, but I don't want to whine. The good Lord will not send me more than I can bear. - His face is full of rashes and covered with a sticky mass. Finally he stood next to me. I started to pray, then he left.

Saw the knight in the church.

January 14, I was very happy about the return of my family from Rome and L... was still with me in the evening. As she sits with me, I see the poor man behind her, staring at me in his usual way. I don't let it show, but it doesn't work in the long run, it takes a lot of nerves. So I send L... to sleep. As I want to embrace her, the shadow forestalls her, but I see L... through it. She's in his immediate vicinity and doesn't see anything, just amazed that I suddenly want her gone and finds me grumpy. As soon as she's gone, the poor man throws himself on me. I hold on calmly, I don't want to lose my senses, but it would have been nice. I can't tell if I prayed while doing it, I was more like a mindless tool. I could hardly breathe he squeezed me so. Finally he let go of me. Me: "Why are you torturing me like this?" He: "Because you take my torment." Me: "Who are you?" He: "A seeker." Me: "What are you looking for?" He: "Silence!" Me: "I want to know your name." He: "Heinrich" and was gone. This time I was really broken, but I'm glad he's speaking, poor Heinrich."*

*Pastor Sebastian Wieser comments: Heinrich v. M... is a historical figure. I encountered his name as well as Egolf and Barbara in the history of the parish. It must have been a wild life he led. It appears for over a year. He donated anniversaries, but the donation became obsolete due to inflation. That's why I had the question asked whether he felt that the donated Holy Masses would no longer (I meant as before) be read. "Christ's blood flows for us all," is his reply.

I heard the strange music again. But that could also be my imagination, coming from the wires of the phone line that are under my window.

January 15, Heinrich was there a long time, nothing bad. He's starting to like prayer, and I see a big

change in his face. His eyes seem familiar to me, but I absolutely can't place them yet. The shadow was in my room, can't tell yet if it's a woman.

January 16, Heinrich woke me up with a scream and then groaned horribly. I prayed with him, but as he kept whining, I took the bottle of Epiphany and poured it over him. He became very still and mumbled along as we prayed, then left. - There wasn't a drop of water to be seen on the floor and I had poured out a whole bottle.

January 17, Was very strange; I had bad pains during the night, nothing came. Around 4 o'clock I fell asleep well. At 6 o'clock Heinrich came. Me: "Why are you so late today?" He: "I didn't find you." Me: "Why not? I was always there." He: "You weren't bright." Me: "Tell me why you look so hideous!" He: "The sin!" Me: "Did I know you in life?" He: "No." Me: Did you live here in the castle?" He: "Yes." Me: "When?" Then he was gone.
The shadow went up the stairs before morning. - Saw the knight in the church.

January 18, Poor man again. He threw himself on me, I asked him to leave me alone, all in vain. Finally he stood next to me! I felt such disgust that I wanted to cry. Me: "Why did you do that again?" He: "To be free." Me: "Free from what?" He: "Don't you see that?" Me: "No." He: "Look at me!" Then he was gone. Should I help get rid of his rash? I don't understand. How can a sacrifice I'm forced to make help him? Because I would never touch it voluntarily.

January 19, I have to admit that I'm very scared of every night now. But I can still fall asleep. At 1 o'clock Heinrich came in with a yell. Me: "How can I best help you?" He: "Get over yourself!" And he threw himself on me again. It was terrible. I have

sought to offer up the torment for him. Finally he let go of me. I always feel like I'm all bloody and dirty from him. But nothing can be seen. Me: "Do you have to bother me like this?" He: "Yes." Me: "Who wants it?" He: "I." Me: "Do you still have free will?" He: "No." Me: "Why are you saying that you want it?" He: "It's pushing me, because only you..." - I couldn't understand anymore. Then he was gone. - Later I woke up to the music again, I can't explain what it is, it's like singing in the wall next to me.

January 20, As if in a storm, he came running into my room. I was still awake and immediately called out to him: "Please, stay away from me today!" He: "Why?" Me: "Because I can't take it." He: "Don't you want to help me?" - Then he came closer to me. I said nothing more and closed my eyes. Then he put his hideous hands on my shoulders and pressed his head onto mine. I don't know anymore, it was too much. I regained consciousness after a while. When I look to Holy Communion I can rejoice, then everything is forgotten again.

January 21, Just as awful again, only I kept my consciousness. I've become very cowardly, because I always have to think about it with horror.

January 22, It was slightly better. I can't get him to talk anymore, but I was able to pray with him again.

The shadow was near me again a long time. - Saw the knight in the church.

January 23, Heinrich looks different. What the change is I can't say yet, not so disgusting anymore. I'm happy because he didn't touch me anymore. Me: "Tell me, are you Heinrich M...?" He: "Yes." Me: "Why do you have to atone for so long?" He: "The worst sin!" Me: "Have you been around the castle

the whole time?" He: "Yes." Me: "How come I didn't see you sooner?" He: "You weren't allowed to." Me: "Do you notice that the Holy Masses donated for you are no longer read?" He: "The blood of Christ flowed for us all!"* Then he began to weep. Me: "Why are you crying?" He: "Because I can't ladel the blood!" Me: "Why not?" He: "The punishment!" Me: "Can I help you?" He: "Yes." - Then I prayed with him. Nothing more could be gotten out of him, but he stayed longer.

*"Christ's blood flowed for us all." Those who express different views about the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass and no longer believe in the transformation of their being do not know what they are doing.

When I was in church that evening, the knight was kneeling in the altar boy's pew. Then I saw his face turned towards me and I could see how beautiful and peaceful it is. That's why I didn't have the courage to talk to him. That's a whole different class of spirits that I probably shouldn't approach.

January 24, Because I entrust everything in these pages, I have to say that physically I can hardly do it anymore. And in order to be able to continue physically, I would have to sacrifice mentally, could not go to Holy Mass because I would be too tired. Now that's a completely wrong cure, because then I'll miss everything and then everything will come out that shouldn't be, so much impatience and loveless being.

Heinrich was there three times in the night; he really looks a lot more human, not like a monkey anymore. I couldn't see any more rashes either. Prayed a lot with him, the "De profundis"* seems to appeal to him. Suddenly he came very close without touching me (thank God). He: "Did you see it?" Me: "Yes, that

you look different. Where does that come from?" He: "You flogged yourself!" Then he was gone. I did it because an intuition came over me that it might help. And I can do so little for the poor.

*De profundis ("Out of the depths") refers to Psalm 130

Out of the depths I have cried to You, O LORD.
Lord, hear my voice!
Let Your ears be attentive
To the voice of my supplications.
If You, LORD, should mark iniquities,
O Lord, who could stand?
But there is forgiveness with You,
That You may be feared.
I wait for the LORD, my soul does wait,
And in His word do I hope.
My soul waits for the Lord
More than the watchmen for the morning;
Indeed, more than the watchmen for the morning.
O Israel, hope in the LORD;
For with the LORD there is lovingkindness,
And with Him is abundant redemption.
And He will redeem Israel
From all his iniquities.

The shadow was back on the stairs. - Heard the music, it is a very special kind of tones swimming into each other.

January 25, Heinrich was there a long time and very sad. I couldn't find out why. The rash is really gone, he's wearing a brown coat. The sadness in the arm position is very strange again, if only I could describe it!

January 26, Heinrich came by day. Actually, the sight is worse than at night. It seems to me like a mosaic picture composed of different cloud colors and the transparency of the head in particular has a very unique effect. - Me: "Why were you so sad yesterday?" He: "I couldn't go to you." Me: "Why not?

You were there." He: "So many others were around you." Me: "I didn't see anything. Who was there?" He: "Souls." Me: "But I prayed with you!" He: "You were divided." Me: "Is that why you came so early today?" He: "Yes." - I really had my peace that night and it was very pleasant. But the thought that there are still souls waiting for me depresses me a little. Will I be able to endure it in the long run? Where is my trust in God and my sense of sacrifice? The shadow has really haunted me throughout the day; it is a female figure, not yet recognizable.

Heinrich was there briefly in the night. - Heard the music again; it actually makes me unhappy. It's something so vague - is it my imagination or not - I can't say, but I'll just write it down. On the other hand, I no longer want to write about what I do for the poor souls, since it goes without saying that I do something, and it must always be more!

January 28 and 29, Pain, so rest. I tried that night and called Heinrich, but in vain.

January 30, Very strange. Heinrich came and motioned for me to go with him. I didn't want to see it and that's when he got really close and said, "Come with me!" I didn't like that very much and I didn't move. He got so restless that I plucked up a bit of courage and went with him. It just struck 3 o'clock. He preceded me down to the kitchen cellar door. I opened it and we went down the stairs. It was very bad. Below he showed me a corner and was gone. I stood in front of the wall, I couldn't see anything. How glad I was that I could turn on the light everywhere, otherwise it would have been even worse. The fearful thoughts that come over you in such moments are better left unwritten and have to be endured. But unfortunately I'm just still - me!

February 1, Heinrich was there in the night; deaf to all questions. I prayed with him for a long time.

The shadow is now fully visible. It is the old maid Janette, who was with my grandmother for 40 years. I saw her pass close to me.

When I came back from Holy Mass and wanted to open my door, the handle turned in my hand and who was there? Heinrich! I'm really scared. Me: "I was just praying for you! Did you notice?" He: "Yes." Me: "Tell me, is there something buried in the basement?" He: "No." Me: "Why did you lead me there?" He: "Because I sinned there." Me: "Did you kill someone?" He: "No, keep asking!" Me: "Does it help you if I know?" He: "Yes." Me: "Is it against the sixth commandment?" He: "Yes." Me: "I don't want to know anymore. How can I help you?" He: "Pray today!" Me: "Why today?" He: "Because you're completely clean." Me: "Do you mean because I received the Holy Sacraments?" He: "Yes." And he was gone. (I'm only writing this in obedience, I don't want to think about it at all. Just don't be conceited, otherwise the purity will be gone again in a moment.)

February 2, Again I woke up to the music. Heinrich came later. Me: "How is it that you have to deal with it for so long? Haven't you been able to confess anymore?" He: "Yes, forgiven, but not punished!" Me: "Can you tell me why your sister-in-law Barbara had a head wound?" He: "No." Me: "Do you see any other souls in the castle?" He: "I can only see my sphere (was not easy to understand, maybe "sphere")." Me: "You won't find me anymore because I'm leaving here, I'll keep praying for you." He: "There is no space!" Me: "Aren't you tied to here?" He: "I am bound to you!" Me: "By whom?" He: "By God's mercy!" Then he was gone.

Really - dear God wants it - I have become very heated about doing something for him. How miserable I've been behaving all the time, only ever thinking about myself. This gives the soul a boost that in the midst of fear and anguish it might cheer. The good Lord sent me a job. I'm in a totally strange state today, totally divided. The soul hardly allows the human to emerge, but I'm so skilled at hiding it, nobody notices. But it has to come out, so I'm glad that I can confide everything to my confidante, even if sometimes reluctantly, because my soul is private property after all!

Seen the knight in the church during the rosary.

Met the 11 on the mountain. Perhaps Heinrich knows something about them; I will ask.

February 3, The knight was there for most of the service, so I figured the altar boys would have to stumble over it. - Heinrich was only there for a short time.

February 4, Heinrich was there almost all night. I told him I was leaving and I was sure he couldn't find me. Then he said: "The way is bright!"*

*Comment from Sebastian Wieser: The trip is between February 4th and 7th. The following happened in Sch..., several hundred kilometers from the place of residence.

"When will I die?"

February 7, In Sch..., Heinrich actually came at night. He did not say anything. But there must be others in my room, there's always whispering around me, which isn't very pleasant.

February 8, Heinrich was there a long time. He's quite handsome. Me: "Will you come often?" He: "You have to give me more." Me: "What?" He: "Mortification." - I have to admit I've been slacking off a bit lately because I thought he was getting better. - When he was gone, I saw a shadow that kept walking up and down; also heard various noises.

February 9, Heinrich was with me twice during the day, longer at night. Me: "Can you tell me when I'm going to die?" He: "Be ready!" Me: "So soon?" He: "When you've matured!" Me: "Can you tell me my mistakes?" He: "No."

As he spoke to me, there was suddenly a hissing and whispering in the room that I hadn't heard before, then everything was gone. I heard strange noises around me even during the day. What will it be?!

February 11, Heinrich suddenly stood with me during my morning prayers. Me: "Come here, I want to give you holy water. Is it good for you?" He: "Yes." Me: "What else do you want?" He: "Your hand." I gave it to him, he took my other one - we stood like that for a while. It was as if all my strength were being drained from me, as if my own will were being extinguished. So I said: "I beg you, let go of me!" He: "Hold on, then I'll be free!" He held me tightly, more a clamp than a hand. Finally I said, "Let me go, otherwise I won't be able to go to Holy Communion. It's getting late." Then he let go of me, and for the first time I saw a smile on his face. He said, "Thank you, I'm in the light!" He was gone.

Reinhard

February 16, I met an old man in the hallway, who then disappeared into my room. - The noises in my room are always the same.

February 18, I saw a woman in the garden, always beside me. She looked very sad. When I spoke to her, she was gone.

February 19, Saw the man in the hall again, he doesn't look too scary.

February 21, The man came to me at night, he seemed very pleased. As I prayed, he stayed with me longer and then opened a dresser drawer as if searching.

February 22 and 23, I was in pain; nothing, no music and no noise.

February 24, The man came. Because I was advised to try not to respond, I did so. It was very special - the man stood motionless in front of me and stared at me - it was as if someone were withdrawing a power from me. I felt very weak when he bent over me and breathed on me, which was disgusting.

I wanted to continue and did nothing. Then he screamed so loud I thought the whole house would collapse and was gone. I felt miserable, he had taken something from me, but what? Or was it just the result of trying to resist him? Anyway I will try again. - The scream had been heard by my niece, who said I had screamed in a dream.

February 25, I found the man in my room as I was about to go to sleep. I pretended not to see him. During evening prayers, he gave me a firm push,

just like a person who is angry. But I didn't want to pay attention to him, so I went to sleep and even turned off the light. I felt him near me, also there was a lot of noise in my room, so I preferred to turn on the light again. Then he ran about the room; finally he came to me and said: "Why are you resisting me?" I didn't want to answer. Then he threw himself on me with all his might, i.e., he squeezed my neck and was gone with a hideous cry. Now I think that it has been tried, I have to react again. Heard the music again.

February 26, The man came in screaming. Me: "What do you want? I'm ready to help you!" He: "Why didn't you hear me?" Me: "Because I didn't want to, go to others!" He: "I can only go to you." Me: "Who are you?" He: "Reinhard." Me: "Why don't you rest?" He: "Cheated." Me: "Why did you open the drawer?" He: "Money!" Me: "How can I help you?" He: "Holy Mass, I stole!" Then he was gone.

February 27, Reinhard was only there briefly and silently.

February 28, Reinhard came, he's really nothing to fear. Me: "Did you live here in the castle?" He: "No." Me: "Where are you buried?" He: "In Heidelberg." Me: "Then why are you here?" He: "Because I took the money here." Me: "You can be calm, I'll have the Holy Mass read." Then he was gone. Nobody knows anything about a Reinhard; I think he may have been a servant here once.

March 1, A lot of noise, I also saw a female figure in the corridor. Music again.

March 2, During the day there were several shadows in my room and quite a lot of noise.

March 3, 4 and 5, I was ill, nothing came.

March 6, A woman was with me in the night, still very unrecognizable, quite restless.

March 7, Met the woman in the hallway - at night almost unbearable noise in the room, in the closet, under the bed; was very scared. That gets on my nerves more than seeing something.

March 8, Again dreadful noise; in between came the woman, her face is still completely in the fog.

March 9, I sat in the room reading. Suddenly a storm surrounded me and I was in thick smoke. But the windows and doors were closed. It was very spooky.

The thought that everything is still increasing depresses me very much. And yet I am very happy, because the awareness of being close to God often overcomes me in such a way that I want to escape from everything and stay close to him. If I could only describe it, but I think you can only feel it. Maybe it's exaggeration, but I'm not working my way into it artificially. In the midst of being jolly all of a sudden it's there and all I can do is adore and those seconds make me happy for days. I hate to write that, it sounds so conceited, but I do it to be on the safe side, because they* would tell me if it was wrong.

*This refers to her confessor, Pastor Sebastian Wieser.

March 11, The woman came three times during the night, she is now clearly recognizable. Misfortune is pronounced again in the arms. Her mouth is swollen. What is very strange is that my niece heard her coming into my room. It was at the right time.

March 12, I saw her five times during the day - always just like a rag.

March 14, She came to me like in fire. Me: "Tell me who you are!" She: "Irmingard Montfort." Then she threw herself on the ground and cried terribly. I felt so sorry for her, I knelt down next to her and said, "I'll do what I can for you, do you have a special request?" She: "Mortification." Me: "Mortification in what?" She: "In this body." Then she was gone. If I were different, how much could I help! Thank God the spirits are educating me now.

March 15, She was there for a long time. She is not one of the scary spirits. There is only compassion. She must have been very beautiful, only the mouth is distorted. Didn't speak, but liked to pray.

March 16, Chaplains stayed at the castle overnight. When Irmingard came I said: "Go to the Fathers who can pray better for you." She: "I was with them, they don't see." Me: "Do we have to see you to be able to help you?" She: "Do you give to the poor if they don't stretch out their hand to you?" Me: "Did you live here?" She: "No, but sinned here!" There's something deeply sad about her that I haven't seen in others.

Heard the music again after a long time.

March 17, Irmingard came to me already crying. I held my crucifix of the dying towards her and then she kissed it, couldn't be consoled at all. Me: "Are you suffering so much?" She: "Look at me!" She was doused with fire, but was gone immediately. In the morning she came again. Me: "Why do you have to suffer so much?" She: "Because of the sins of the tongue, I have discord...", I couldn't understand what. Me: "Can I really help you?" She: "Yes." Me:

"But tell me, aren't there more people who could help you?" She: "They pass by." Me: "How did you find me?" She: "I saw others draw toward you." Then she came up to me and really looked at me with thirsty eyes. I felt so poor - then she was gone. I don't even know what else I could do for her, because the living are asking a lot from me at the moment and I can only give so little.

March 19, Irmingard encountered four times during the day.

March 20-27, I had influenza. I didn't see or hear anything. Vacation!

March 28, I felt something in my room but saw nothing. Me: "Irimingard, are you there?" She: "Yes." Me: "Where have you been all this time?" She: "With you." Me: "Why couldn't I see you?" She: "You couldn't give anything." Me: "Have I thought about myself too much?" She: "Yes." Then I saw her again. How strange, it's true, I was so miserable that all I could think of was, at most: I want to be left in peace.

March 29, She sat down on my bed. Nothing to fear, much prayer.

March 30, She was with me a lot during the day, I asked a lot, no answer.

March 31, She was crying next to me again. Me: "How can you finally be helped?" She: "With love." Me: "But I have it for you!" She: "Not enough." Then I prayed with her for a long time. I don't know how I can muster up more love for her. I give what I can.

April 1, 2, 3, Ill, again nothing.

April 4, I saw her almost the whole day in every room, corridor and staircase.

April 5, She came to my bedside with arms outstretched. I gave her my hands and said, "How often do you come?" She: "Give me more!" Me: "What?" She: "Holy Communion," then she was gone. Now that's strange again because I always gave Holy Communion to my sick niece.

April 7, She literally haunted me during the day. Suddenly she was always there.

April 8, She came at night, threw herself on my bed and hugged me. Everything about her that I can't explain isn't so terrible to me; but she draws more strength from me than the others. It could also be that I'm a little more tired because of the nursing.

April 9, She was with me for three hours. Me: "Now I'll give you what you want from me." She: "Yes." Me: "Are you feeling better?" A happy glow went over her face and she nodded. Me: "Tell me, am I descended from you?" (Because Montforts are in my family tree.) She: "Yes." Me: "Did that draw you to me?" She: "No." Me: "How did you realize that I came from you?" She: "The blood!" How strange, I got around to asking her that because she was so different from the others.

April 11, Saw her a lot; had peace at night.

April 12, She came floating into my room. Me: "Would you like me to pray with you?" She: "Yes." After I had prayed with her for a long time, she whispered something which I unfortunately could not understand. It appeared to be in Latin and sounded like "Ex usuris" but I can't say for sure. Since she murmured longer, it may have been a psalm verse.*

*"Ex usuris": "He redeems their souls from usury and injustice -" says the 14th verse of Psalm 71.

Irmingard helps pray

April 15, My niece was very ill. When I was woken up in the night, Irmingard followed me. Me: "Can you help pray?" She: "Yes." Me: "Do you know if the baby will live?" She: "No." Me: "Then pray that it can be baptized." She nodded.

April 16, Irmingard was constantly in the sickroom. The child was baptized and she rejoiced when it died. There's no telling how hard it is to be with people in moments like this. It takes a lot of willpower not to let it show. But I don't want to boast, the good Lord gave them to me.

April 17, When I prepared the child for the funeral, she was there again, watching me like a living person. Me: "When will you be where this soul is?" She said nothing, came up to me and kissed me, if you can call it that. A pressure and a cold wipe on the face.

April 19, She was there most of the night. I can now see her in the dark, but I prefer to turn on the light.

April 21, Seen her four times.

April 22, She was there a long time. She prayed the Lord's Prayer with me.

April 23, With me almost all night. Me: "Where are you buried?" She: "In Tettnang."* Me: "When did you live?" She: "Past."

*The old castle in Tettnang - today the town hall - belonged to the Counts of Montfort. The last Montfort in Tettnang died childless in 1780. Tettnang is located northeast of Lake Constance.

April 25, It seemed to me like there was a second figure in my room. I asked Irmingard about it without getting an answer.

April 26, She looks happier. There's no doubt there's something else in my room. It could be a male figure.

April 27, Irmingard looked happy, she said very clearly: "Usque ad domum Dei."* Me: "Are you redeemed now?" She smiles at me, comes towards me with open arms and is gone.

*"Usque ad domum Dei" is Latin and means: Up to the house of God.

April 29, The figure was with me for a long time. It is a man with a blond beard. Only his head is clearly visible. He's very restless, but not much to fear as yet.

April 30, I woke up feeling anxious but couldn't see anything. But it was like a storm around me. I thought doors and windows were open, but nothing like that. Finally I saw the figure walking back and forth. As I began to pray, he came to my bedside.

May 3, Saw the 11 again after a long time. - The man I saw in Sch... may have stayed there after all.

May 4, The music was again in the wall next to my bed. I got up and went outside to find out the cause. The notes buzzed around me; it is beautiful but inexplicable.

The feeling of nearness to God, which I have often written about, is now increasing to such an extent that I must mention it at this point. It's actually becoming more and more impossible for me to describe it, but it's different than it used to be. Because I see that it is getting very light around me, as if I were standing by an open fire. Then something captures all my thinking. The human is completely eliminated and my soul enjoys the indescribable. If I then have to go back to people, it's like waking up from a beautiful dream, only with the difference that something remains in me, to be able to experience the indescribable again. It's like something is growing inside of me. The feeling used to come for a few minutes and then everything was back to me as before; but now there remains a contact or a longing, I don't even know what to call it. I often think to myself: is it possible that I can experience something like this? Then I think again, is it imaginary; but when I have explored everything back and forth, I always come back to the result of reality. I also think it's impossible to imagine the unimagined.

Seen the knight again in front of the Holy Cross in the church.

Domain Councilor Fridolin Weiss appears*

*Fridolin Weiss was the administrator at Waal Castle for many years.

May 5, The man from Schr... is here now; seems to be getting angry, is very restless and wild.

May 6, The man was there most of the night, is very disgusting, sloppy. He doesn't care about prayer.

May 7, The man was lying on the floor when I came into my room in the evening. It was so scary I walked away again, but what's the use? So I took courage and went back. I found him in the same position. I gave him holy water and knelt beside him, he was whimpering terribly. Think I know him, but not quite sure yet.

May 8, Very bad; the man is there most of the night and very restless. How stupid I am, knowing that nothing will happen to me, to have this horrible fear over and over again.

May 9, He walked in front of me to my room. I started praying when he came very close. I'm almost certain that it's Domain Councilor Fr. W... He looks horrible, as if covered with a sticky mass. Responds to nothing. - Heard the music.

May 10, The man is very unpleasant, a constant whining emanates from him. He came four times during the night. - Saw the 11.

May 11, When I looked at the stars at the open window in the evening, the man came flying towards me through the air. A horrid feeling! I'm more shocked than I've been in a long time; couldn't stay in my room and sat in the hallway. He didn't follow me. When I had recovered somewhat, I went back and found him waiting for me. I prayed the prayers of the month of May with him, he stood right behind me. Then he disappeared for a short time, only to come back furious. It was very bad. It's the Domain Councilor.

May 12, Saw the 11 and met my grandmother's maid on the stairs.

The Domain Councilor was there twice, bending over me; he is hideous, his face is full of holes and no eyes, but his beard fiery red. No apparition had ever had such a pronounced skull.

May 13, Saw the maid again. - W... was there a long time, a little calmer; he seems to like holy water. - Heard the music.

May 14, Always the same with W..., very wild and repulsive. - Heard the strange music; if I could only describe it. I'm an unmusical person, but it delights me.

May 15, Seen a lot: W... three times, the maid five times, the 11 twice; but nothing was bad.

May 16, W... moaning there by day. In daylight he looks even more frightening. I look at him and see how much he wants to talk. During prayer he became a little calmer.

May 17, W... on the stairs and also in the smoking room in the presence of I... and child, he was disgusting. Then with me that night.

May 18, He threw himself on me and choked my neck. I stopped him, after which he fell to the ground. He lay for a long time; I was very scared because his eye sockets were burning. Finally he jumped up and wanted to throw himself on me again. I held out the cross particle to him and didn't see him anymore. - Heard the music. - Saw the knight in the church.

May 19, Very bad, terribly afraid. W... jumped on me. It was similar to Heinrich, but I didn't lose consciousness, although that might have been better for me. It can't be described, I don't want to go

through it again, but if God wants it, then yes. W... was there for a long time, prayed a lot, but he seems to be listening.

May 20, It was very nice, no W... just the music and good sleep.

Dr G... coming

May 21, Very restless night. W... almost always there. He wants to talk but can't; but he seems to understand what I'm saying.

On the way to the Castle, I met Dr. G..., who was struck by a blow while hunting at the train station in the 80s. I recognized him immediately. He came up to me and held out his hand, looking completely human. I couldn't do anything with him because I wasn't alone. He then walked next to me for a long time. It was very difficult again to be divided. I hoped to see him again on the way back and therefore stayed behind a bit alone, but unfortunately he didn't come anymore. On the other hand, when I got home, the 11.

May 22, Music, then came W..., always the same, but not bad.

May 23, Finally W... speaks, Me: "Are you Fr. W...:" He: "Yes." Me: "Do you have to suffer a lot?" He: "Yes." Me: "How can I help you?" He: "Sacrifice!" Me: "What?" He: "Yourself." Me: "I already do." He: "Not enough!" Me: "What else should I do?" He: "You have to detach yourself!" Me: "You mustn't ask too much of me, because I'm still so imperfect. Go to better people!" Then he came up to me, put his hand on my arm and was gone. I know I'm not detached enough, if I want to be honest. It seems very

amusing to me to see the polite Domain Councilor W... like this now, e.g., if he hurts me. I still remember him when he was alive.

May 24, He came twice, didn't speak.

May 25, There was a horrid noise in my room, banging and groaning, could not see. Me: "Who is it?" Answer: "Many." Me: "Is it Fridolin's voice?" He: "Yes." Me: "Why can't I see you?" He: "Because you're sick." (It was the case.) Me: "Who else are you bringing?" He: "I don't know her." Me: "Tell me why I can't see you when I'm sick?" He: "The ability suffers." Me: "Could you help me?" He: "No." Me: "How do you see that I am suffering?" He: "You don't attract." Me: "Then why are you here?" He: "It's our way." - There was a lot of noise around me for a while, but I didn't get any more answers. For a long time I had the feeling that I wasn't alone, which is very uncomfortable. I'm very dissatisfied with myself, I think about myself too much, I'm despondent and so tired. Pooh!

"I've lived in vain"

May 27, It's starting to get almost unbearable. Apart from W... there was still fog in the room and heart-rending moans. Me: "Endure your punishment, why do you torment me? I don't want to listen to you anymore." He: "Where is your mercy?" Then he was gone, but the moaning remained. Now my conscience weighs on me that I was hard.

May 28 and 29, Nothing. Maybe my wickedness ended things.

May 30, W...was sad, which made me tell him I want to keep helping him. Then he came and choked me

until I thought I was suffocating. He was hideous. Me: "Why are you doing this if I want to help you?" He: "I want to force you." Me: "I won't let myself be forced, especially not in this way." Then he came up to me again with an angry expression, and I don't know what else happened. When I came to, he was gone. - Heard the music.

May 31, Seen the knight. - W... was there today. I'm very afraid of him now. There's something else in the room that I can't see yet. Will it go on like this?

June 1, W... was there. Me: "Tell me, is it the will of God that you come to me?" He: "We may." Me: "But why are you tormenting me? It's enough torment just to see you!" He: "Because envy is in me." Me: "Why envy me? You can't get lost anymore, but I can." He: "I've never kept my mind in check and lived in vain." Me: "How then were you saved?" He: "By the priest." Me: "Why can you still have envy? You can't sin anymore!" He: "The evil is still in me." I saw him as ugly as ever. Then he came four more times.

June 2, 3, 4, 5, He came every night in a very dreadful condition, it was very bad. I also heard many other sounds out of the fog, as well as distant whimpers. - Met the old maid on the stairs.

June 6, Saw the knight in the church, always just as pious and motionless. W... was there a long time, rather uncomfortable, too close in front of me; he didn't answer me anything. I'm a little more comforted again. I think to myself, God is sending this to me because I practice so little active charity in the world. But I'm not as efficient as I used to be, so tired in the morning and how much do I lose as a result!

June 9, Actually, I have nothing new to report. W... comes silently every night, but he has become very restless. The noise increases a little.

The old rag picker

June 11, In addition to W... another very horrible female figure has appeared, a true monster. I'm afraid.

June 14, Two male figures seen in the first pew at the tomb altar; they seemed so human to me that I went into the bank behind them to see who was there. Only then did I realize what it was. They are wearing long black robes and are from another century. I gave them holy water from the big basin in front of them and they were gone.

The music is heard. - W... was there briefly.

June 16, The loathsome woman was back, she looks familiar, but I can't say anything definite just yet, except that she's highly unsympathetic.

Saw the knight in the church.

June 17, The woman was there for a long time, I recognized her. It's an old rag picker named Blochem Nandl. She was the terror of my childhood and feared by all. I think she died around 1893.

June 18, W... comes, it seems, no more. But Nandl was very angry again. - Heard music again.

June 19, Corpus Christi, was allowed to experience something beautiful. I walked up the mountain just as the blessing was given at the hospital. That's when I saw the 11 throwing themselves on the floor

(like they did at Christmas.) It was so touching that I cried. If only the unbelievers had seen it!* Why are these eleven always like sticks of fog? In bright sunshine they are too strange.

*What would the princess, who lived entirely with and from the Holy Mass and Communion and therefore rejoiced in the adoration of the 11, suffer today if the mystery of faith has been extinguished even among many priests and religious.

June 20, Just as I was about to scourge myself for W..., he stood next to me with a happy expression and said: "You set me free!" Me: "No, not me, God's mercy!" He: "Through you!" Me: "Where are you going now?" He: "Into a higher sphere." Me: "Tell me, what can I do so that the poor souls don't come anymore?" He: "Be generous!" Then he left, leaving me in a haze of light. Nandl came soon after, but I was so happy that this time I didn't care about her. - Heard the music.

June 21, Saw the knight in the church. - Nandl very bad, really disgusting.

June 22, So much noise in the room that I had many cowardly thoughts.

June 23, Nandl seen four times a day, her eyes are horrible, it's going to get worse again.

June 23 to July 14, always the same, very bad to experience, very boring to write. - Blochem Nandl has now spoken. Me: "How can I help you?" She: "See what I'm missing!" She came very close to me and now I saw an expression of such sadness on her face as I had never seen before. Me: "Do you long for God?" She: "Yes." Me: "Aren't you allowed to see him for so long?" She: "I'm not clean yet." Me: "Can I help you get clean?" She: "Give me the

sacrament!" Me: "Shall I offer Holy Communion for you?" She: "Yes." Me: "How often?" She: "Seven." Me: "Why just seven?" She: "So often unworthy." Then she cried in a way that no human being can cry, ending in sorrow. I couldn't help but hug her. The way she looked at me, everything bad and disgusting was gone, only to come back to an increased extent in the following days, so that I thought I could no longer look at it. Even L... didn't look so horrid at his worst. Because there is no such thing in human thought, I can't describe it either. Up to now I have always had peace when I was in pain, this stage seems to be over now. If I want to be true, I have to say that I can hardly take it anymore, I've become so lacking in trust in God.

July 18, It was particularly bad. Me: "Why are you torturing me? I want to do what you want me to do." She: "You prefer to sleep." She gave me such a push that I almost fainted with fear. But she was right, because I was so "broken" that I couldn't get over it.

July 19, She was sitting on my bed when I came to sleep. Something pressed against me from all sides, I felt like I was being held tight, but I couldn't see anything. It lasted a few minutes. So there is something else with me. Finally towards morning I could lie down.

July 20, So much noise that I couldn't even think about sleeping. Blochem Nandl has become completely mute again. Her eyes are very strange; it is as if a power were emanating from them, forcing one to look. I also have the feeling as if she were draining my strength. I never felt the same about any of the apparitions.

Haven't seen Blochem Nandl since the 27th - some relief. There's a lot around me. Seven figures are

recognizable but entirely unknown. They crowd towards me and I feel their horrid hands touching me, the worst of all. As I wrote this, something threw itself onto my back; it was a female figure. It seems I'm never alone. - Something worries me, I'm neglecting my soul, no more effort for virtue, I can't get around to working on myself anymore, I've never done it much, but at least I've made an effort.

August 4, Very horrible night. - I saw nothing, but felt and heard. I was also often beaten, I could no longer help myself and was very cowardly. Couldn't it be evil spirits after all?"

August 6, Something grabbed my doorknob as I was about to go to my room. I was finally able to open it. There was thick fog in my room and I heard moaning. I poured out a lot of holy water, then it got better. Then I saw four figures develop out of the mist and then melt back into the mist.

Have seen Barbara four times recently on the third floor, seemed quite content and was smiling. Because I was not alone, I couldn't talk to her.

August 7, The seven figures were clearly recognizable, they stayed with me from 10 to 1 a.m. They didn't torment me, but the crowd seems very frightening. But I listened to the music for comfort. My observation during a thunderstorm was very remarkable, because I saw the lightning flashing through the figures; but it looked so terribly spooky that I preferred to light my candle.

August 9, I experienced something scary. I slept and woke up to a noise, turned on the light and bending over me I saw something so horrible that I keep thinking about it with fear. It was a gigantic head, with eyes that pierced like never before, or maybe

the whole face was an eye. Everything in it stared at me. Me: "Go away, what are you looking for in me?" He: "Peace." Me: "I can't give it to you." He: "You have to!" Me: "What can force me?" He: "You shall love your neighbor as yourself!" Me: "But what if I lack the strength?" He: "So pray!" Then he was gone. That such words could come from something so abominable! Now I want to go back, as it has to be! How they educate me, the spirits!

Now I want to tell you something that seemed like a greeting from God. It may be ridiculous, but it made me happy. I was very depressed, everything scared me and I kept wondering if it was God's will that I had to go through this. So I prayed that the good Lord would give me a little sign, as he has done to me so often. It was in the garden when suddenly a swallow fell on the path. I picked her up, stroked her and she flew away again. For me it was the sign. I don't want to complain anymore.

August 10, The head was there again, it also has a body. Me: "Who are you?" He: "Wolfgang." Me: "How come you can talk so soon?" He: "I've been with you for a long time." Me: "Why haven't I seen you?" He: "The others had your strength." Me: "Do you want to help me?" He: "Yes." Me: "Tell me what's bad about me!" He: "You are divided." Me: "What do you mean?" He: "Body, soul." Me: "I know I'm only supposed to be a soul, but I can't just yet. What else do you see?" He: "Pride." Then he was gone. That was nice, that I could inconvenience the spirits a bit for myself.

Heard music, seen the knight. Something shook my shoulder in church.

Since August 16 I have ignored my visits because I was advised to do so. I don't need to go into detail

about the agony that went with it. It is enough to know that Wolfgang and seven figures come every night. It is decidedly easier to deal with them. You then notice less how tense the nerves are and how much strength is withdrawn.

Delivered on his promise!

August 24, Alfred S... came to me that day, he approached me with a smile and held out his hands to me. Me: "Alfred, is it really you?" He: "My promise!" Me: "Where are you?" He: "In the vision!" Then he waved at me and was gone.* I was very happy about that, but I was deeply impressed, because this time last year when we were talking about these things, he laughingly promised me that he would come if it was possible. He was just like in real life. I had to react to that, but I haven't spoken to the others until today, September 11th. When Wolfgang came, I said: "Why are you still coming? I ignored you so that you would leave me alone." He: "You were merciless!" Me: "What do you want?" He: "A Holy Mass." Me: "Where are you buried?" He: "In Augsburg." Me: "How did you find me?" He: "It's enough if you pray." Then he was gone.

* Pastor Sebastian Wieser writes about this: Alfred S... was a high-ranking personality I knew. This appearance is a justification and confirmation to those who say: "It is not the case that the dead return."

The seven figures are still in a very gray condition. Only their moans are uncomfortable.

I saw the knight in the church in the evening. Since I was alone, I went to ask him if he had anything to do with the cross particle. He didn't answer and kept

on praying. He has a beautifully kind look and is very different from the others.

September 17, Very bad night, first the seven, then Wolfgang and then something happened that I can't even account for. It was like a cloud that lay over my bed and was falling more and more, a horrible feeling, a nightmare, probably in the worst sense of the word. It became so dense around me that I could no longer see my light. Then I heard "tormentum malit..." Something like that.* But the last word was longer. I gave a lot of holy water and finally it became clear around me again, it was very scary.

*Presumably it should read: "Tormentum malitiae" = torment or pain for wickedness.

Nothing new for 14 days. The cloud that was so uncomfortable has evolved into a shape. It seems to be a woman, nothing to fear as she is quite calm and content when I pray.

I now listen to music in the wall very often again.

October 9, In the castle in D... saw an old woman, she walked beside me for a long time.

October 11, Saw something very strange. I was in the garden and something so beautiful came towards me, colors and lights that I can't even explain. I was in a circle of light, I heard music. As beautiful as it was to the eyes, my soul felt something unprecedented. Thinking about it back and forth, I can't tell what it was, but I want to experience it again. It was empowering and I'm so happy about it.

October 14, Woke up to loud noise. My bed was being pushed back and forth, a hideous feeling; I couldn't see anything. It lasted half an hour, then

everything was gone. But my bed was askew. Later came the female figure.

October 17, Again I experienced the beautiful light in my room, so it can not come from any autumn lighting. I was in a ball of light of infinite colors for the eye, but for the soul indescribable joy, a merging into something heavenly. As I write this, it seems so extravagant to me and yet I have to write it because what I am allowed to experience is part of the inexplicable.

October 19, The female figure stays with me for a long time, has a youthful face that I've never seen before. I tried something new, prayed the rosary and put one in her hand, which she held while praying. When she walked away, it was on the ground. What strikes me about her is that she changes size. When she comes she is small, when she goes she is as high as the door. It is a new species, nothing to be afraid of, I really like it.

October 20, Again the shaking of the bed, then the woman came.

October 21, The woman speaks, her name is Eva, otherwise nothing could be gotten out of her. She moved her lips for a long time, but I couldn't understand anything.

October 29, Eva was there a long time. Me: "Why are you coming, can I help you?" Eva: "You have already helped me." Me: "By what? I haven't done anything for you." Eva: "I am the abandoned soul for which you..." (no longer understood). Me: "Are you the soul I prayed for as a child?" Eve: "Yes." Me: "Why didn't you show yourself earlier?" Eva: "I wasn't free." Me: "What have you done wrong?"

Then she whispered something to me, impossible to understand, smiled at me and left.

October 30, After our anniversary I saw our grandfather in our oratory. He was just like in real life, a pleasure to see him again. Looked very happy and smiled at me. His white hair was shiny, unfortunately I couldn't talk to him because I wasn't alone. I was quite happy about that. Seeing someone you loved again is very touching. He probably wanted to show me that he was redeemed after these holy masses.

November 1, I saw a lot: The eleven, the knight and the two men in the pew in front of the tomb altar.

All Souls Day, I didn't see anything. The previous days were also empty. I can catch up on the appearance of Irmingard in Sch... that she really existed. She was the sister of a Countess of Geroldseck, née Montfort, lived in 1642. Their castle was near Spremberg, is buried in the Wittich monastery.*

*Apparently what is meant is the former Clarisse monastery in Wittichen in the Black Forest, which was founded by St. Luitgard. See the book: Berchtold von Bombach, The Life of Saint Luitgard von Wittichen: The Saint of the Womb. 1976

November 11, It's always uneasy for me. Eva doesn't come anymore. Shapes sway around me with moans and sometimes screams. I can't see anything yet.

No rest in Munich either

December 16, Didn't have any rest during the three weeks in Munich* either. On the second day I saw a woman coming towards me with her hands clenched,

contorted in pain. She came every night in an almost unbearable way. She must have been a maid, wore an apron and looked poor. Finally she could talk. Her name is "Anna" and she has slandered a lot. When asked how long she still had to go around, she said: "Three times Advent."

*The von der Leyen family had a house near Karolinenplatz in Munich until the First World War.

Then I saw something very strange in Munich. I was staying with friends in the house of the famous painter Franz von Lenbach*. Suddenly, during the meal, he stood in front of me as hideous as an animal, but clearly recognizable. I knew him quite well in life. I am so shocked that they noticed and asked me if I was not well. I stopped looking, but I was aware of his presence. When the meal was over, I could still see him. I no longer saw him in other rooms.

*Franz von Lenbach (1836-1904) was the most celebrated portrait painter of his time. He was a friend of Böcklin's and Bismarck's, whose memories he shaped in about 80 portraits. He died in 1904.

Anna is now also in Waal. Me: "How did you get here?" Anna: "I'm always with you." Me: "But I don't always see you." Anna: "You can't stand it." Me: "Why not?" Anna: "Your soul is not free yet."

December 22, She and others were there most of the night. Me: "Now Advent is almost over, won't you come then?" Anna: "You think humanly." Me: "I can't help it as long as I live." Anna: "You can detach yourself." Then she was gone.

December 24, She came back. Me: "Tell me, how can I detach myself?" Anna: "If you follow what

draws you." Now I was a coward, I don't want to know that, not from her, but I think I understand that it must have something to do with the wonderful feeling that is now increasing, because I'm detached from myself, in another world. I observe that when the feeling comes, my body loses its ability to move. Because when I felt it coming, I wanted to lock my door, but was no longer able to do so and then the light came and I didn't care. Just enjoy that!

Father O..., the former religion teacher

December 27th, Now Father O... comes to me in a very sad state. He was... my religion teacher for a long time. He can't talk yet. His sadness touches me deeply, because I was very fond of him. The 11 is now almost always visible when I go down the mountain. They are getting smaller, almost like children now.

December 30, A very horrible night. My room was full of figures, nothing familiar. For the first time I was surrounded by a horrible odor. They threw themselves on my bed, I could count seven, but there were more. They keep going in and out of the window. I'm rather faint-hearted, and if things go on like this I'll never be able to take it because I'm exhausted.

"I'm in the cleaning"

January 5, 1925. Z... is here, it makes a deep sad impression. When I pray, she comes close to me, showing me her satisfaction, and she also strokes me, which I don't like very much.

January 7, She's talking. Me: "What do you want from me?" She: "A Holy Mass." Me: "Do you have to suffer a lot?" She: "I'm in the cleaning." Me: "Is that what you call purgatory?" She: "Yes." Me: "What is happening to you there?" She: "The longing consumes me." Me: "What do you have to suffer for?" She: "Curse!" Me: "I'd love to help you, is it good for you if I pray for you?" She: "Yes." Me: "Have you not been able to pray in your current state?" She: "Worship, but don't ask!" Me: "And now?" She: "You pray for me."*

*Pastor Sebastian Wieser notes: I knew Z... and often visited her when she was ill. She was very poor. The answers of this woman, who probably did not know any similar terms in her life, seem quite strange.

January 8, She was there so long that I couldn't take it anymore because of tiredness. Me: "Do me a favor and go away, I'm so sleepy." She: "Be merciful!" Me: "But such a lip prayer can't help you and I can never pray properly." She: "Your proximity cools!" Me: "Tell me, why?" She: "You alleviate the suffering." Me: "If I help you, help me too. You can certainly see what's wrong with me." She: "You're not dead." Me: "Yes, that's not me; say more!" She: "The more you lack, the more you can give." It seems to me that there was something else with her, but I can't distinguish anything.

[From the Spanish translation: "In the life of Blessed Ines de Beniganim we read that she asked God to allow many souls who were not yet in Heaven to spend their Purgatory in her cell. She says that she had up to 200 souls in her company! Thus, as with this Blessed, the Poor Souls on Eugenia's side did not suffer."]

January 9, Very strange. I was talking to her daughter, and she came towards me, nodded at me and gave her a piercing look. I almost couldn't keep

talking. Then she stayed with me. Me: "Why didn't you make yourself known to your child?" She: "Because she is not free." Me: "I'm not free either. Why do I see you?" She: "You have detached yourself." Proof that the poor don't know everything! Me, detached, where I stand in the middle of the world and so much sticks to me! My sick body lets me neglect my soul so much that I get very scared. I'm often very disheartened, but then the indifference comes back. And then that unique thing often comes, the glorious, the comforting happiness that makes me forget everything.

"Intellectual pride has made me lonely!"

January 15, Didn't record anything, as nothing new. Every night is full of restlessness, but nothing is recognizable.

Father O... still comes, even more often during the day.

Tonight it was so unbearable that I have to write it down. Something was pulling me back and forth in my bed, it was so horrible that I couldn't help myself. There was fog around me, so much so that I only saw my light in the distance. I fled to another room where it was quiet, I only heard the noise. At 5 o'clock I could lie down again.

January 17, In D... met the woman I saw before.

January 23, It's almost unbearable every night now, I'm terribly afraid, there must be a lot in the room. When Father O... comes, the other is calm, I'm not afraid of him. I was very cowardly and I know very well why. My soul can no longer get the strength it

needs. The body, being ill, has lulled itself into inertia.

January 25, Five figures have come. They torment me terribly because they always want to touch me, which is the worst thing for me.

January 29, Father O... can talk now. Me: "How can I finally help?" He: "Pray on!" Me: "I can't understand that you're not happy yet." He: "The spiritual pride has made me lonely." Me: "But all the good you've done?" He: "Saved me." Me: "Do you also go to others of your students?" He: "No, they should pray for me!"

January 30, Been through a lot. I called Father O... to chase them away. But he didn't come, only toward morning. Me: "Didn't you hear me when the others were there?" He: "Yes, I was there." Me: "Why couldn't I see you?" He: "You were afraid and not in love." Me: "But I also want to help them!" He: "You only help when you forget yourself." Me: "I haven't gotten that far yet, not to be afraid of those bad things."

February 1, Father O... was with me all morning. Even when others came into my room, he stayed; really looks alive.

During the night the others bothered me terribly.

February 4, The five figures are now recognizable, five women, but there's nothing to do with them. - Father O... late.

I have to report something that doesn't really belong here, but I'll be safer if you know. The glorious feeling, as I call it, now increases in such a way that I feel uncanny. I was gone for almost half an hour

today. Where? I don't know, away from myself. How? Something slowly comes over me that makes any activity impossible for me, an invisible presence draws me in. It gets light around me, and then I know nothing more about myself. I'm in bliss, everything human is off and I'm enjoying something, I can't tell what it is. It is uncanny for me, because it is highly abnormal to lose human consciousness. Someone like me can't be ecstatic! Then the scruples come back to me: am I imagining it, am I lying? But that's impossible. So I place my concern in your hands, and if it is wrong you will tell me.

February 11, Experienced a lot. Father O... was there a long time. Me: "Will you come for a long time?" He: "No." Me: "Are you saved?" He: "Not yet, but I see more clearly and go where I can no longer come from." Me: "Can you tell me if everything is as you taught me?" He: "Yes, but human language is only symbolic for the holiest things!"

Then the five came, two of them have very hideous faces.

One whispers something in my ear, but I can't understand it.

February 15, When I was upstairs with Wolfram, the man I saw twice accompanied by Barbara came. He stood motionless next to me, looking unhappy.

Disgusting things in the night, the five torment me terribly.

February 17, Father O... just there for a moment, smiled at me and left, seems to be the end.

February 19, When I had Wolfram in my arms, the man bent over us and groaned, "You forgot me!" -

It's true, I didn't pray for him much anymore because I didn't see him anymore.

February 25, I saw the man who used to date Barbara again on the third floor. He held out his hands, which I saw blood on. Me: "Are you a murderer?" He: "Yes." Me: "Did you hit Barbara in the head?" He: "No." Me: "Who did you kill?" He: "Her child." Me: "Why?" He: "The inheritance!" Me: "Was it your child?" He: "No." Then he left. He is wearing a sixteenth-century cavalry uniform, is a young man, and is not to be feared. He saddens me with his help-seeking eyes. The five women in the night go on, one of them is oddly beautiful; all from another century.

March 1, I was staying with Wolfram. The man came, the child must have seen him too, because it stared at him anxiously with its big eyes. Unfortunately, only babies, chickens and cats are my witnesses!* - I: "Why are you scaring the child? I don't want that!" He: "It sees more than you." Then he went into N...'s room, I followed him to see if she noticed anything. He stood in front of her and she didn't notice anything.

*It is significant that the little Hereditary Prince Wolfram was their only eyewitness! Note the picture where she is bending down over him in a motherly manner.

In such moments I can draw comparisons between life and apparitions. Then I notice the eyes, which are never seen like this in a human being. In all apparitions, the eyes give me the image or understanding of suffering. The mouth is also different from life. This bitterness cannot be found in any human being. Of course I can make completely different observations during the day, for example the clothes are impeccably made, the borders, the

lace, everything is as it should be. The spurs and the little chains jingle when he walks, and the others don't see or hear that.

March 7, The five keep coming back, I can do nothing with them. But finally I saw my dear old 11 again. Very strange, they have gotten smaller; they were taller than me, now they are like children.

March 9, Saw the rider on the third floor again. Me: "Tell me your name!" He: "The poor man." Me: "Why poor?" He: "Look at me!" Me: "I can not see anything." Then he came towards me, very close, saw nothing special about him, only his bloody hands. Me: "What can I do for you?" He: "Wash me!" Now comes the good thing: I quickly ran to fetch holy water. He waited for me very quietly. I poured holy water on his poor hands and I will never forget how grateful he looked at me. Although they remained bloody, his face became completely different. Me: "Is that okay?" He: "Pray!" Then I prayed the 'De profundis' and suddenly he was gone. Now I'm happy again. There is something inexplicable to me; after I threw a bottle of holy water on him, there wasn't a wet spot on the floor.

March 11, There was so much noise in my room, as if people with heavy boots were walking around me, but mainly as if they were always stumbling.

March 13, There was something very strange. I was packing glasses and therefore had old paper in front of me. Suddenly it started to fly, but there was no puff of air in the room. I swiped at it when my hand caught another hand. That was awful! I ran away, a terrible fear came over me. The invisible is much worse to endure. Am I always surrounded by the unnatural? I can't say how much all this depresses me, you can't get used to such things.

March 16, In D... saw the lady twice, completely unknown, judging by the clothes around 1850.

Pastor Natterer appears

March 18, I heard terrible sobs. Couldn't see anything for a long time, finally the figure of Pastor Natterer emerged from the dense fog. Didn't even know he died. He's in a terrible state, there's no doubt he is. He was always so repugnant that I can't remember his face. It's bad when he comes often. A certain sticky mass surrounds him, which I have already seen in some apparitions. I feel sorry for the poor man. And now I must confess I was so cowardly that I cried straight out. I almost can't anymore. It's often unthinkable when things go on like this. So I'm a selfish coward.

Oh, pastor, what's the matter with me? The supernatural threatens to overwhelm my feeble mind. I can't talk about it, I'm afraid of saying a thoughtless word, which in the end contradicts the truth, and yet I have to speak out, I can't finish on my own. Pulling away from the world is so overwhelming and I can't resist. First, I feel great sorrow for my sins. If that comes, then I know, now it starts. (Because in my natural state I'm much too careless.) Then I'm suddenly in a circle of light, I hear a sound as if from far away and then something pulls me towards it. Can't see anything but light, and yet the feeling says it's something, that draws me towards it and I'm something else. It's not looking, it's thinking in a way I once could not have. I have to worship and love, there are no words, it's like merging into something divine. I beg you - I! I don't want it, but it comes, grabs me, pulls me away into unexpected happiness. Isn't that a pipe dream? It

pulls me off the easy path, I'm scared. And I have to confess something, I wanted to escape from it, I didn't look at anything anymore and only kept strictly to my obligatory prayers. In a word, I wanted to think less of the dear God. And now everything has gotten much worse. "Worse" says the person in me, "more beautiful" says the soul. But how am I supposed to hide it if this goes on? I haven't heard calls before. How petty I am and eaten up by fear of man. Now it's easier for me again that I could tell you everything, please be patient with me!

April 15, Haven't made any notes for a long time because I wanted to try what it's like when I think about it less, but it was the same. Pastor N... was there a total of 14 times. The only thing he said: "I ask for a Holy Mass." Unrest prevailed in him, as I have never seen in any other apparition. He wasn't quiet for a moment. The sticky thing hung on him in tatters after his ninth appearance; very strange, especially the face. I often poured baptismal water on him, and he looked at me so gratefully that it was my greatest joy at Easter. I mustn't always whine, because I also experience joys that I can't even describe.

John

April 24, For three days an animal has come to me in the night, which is not comfortable, something between a small buffalo and a ram, all black; I'm very scared. It jumped onto my bed, I was very cowardly, but the baptismal water helped me quickly.

[It should be said about this: Other seers also saw poor souls in animal form. Christ once explained to St. Brigitte of Sweden in a vision: "The spiritual does not appear to you as it is, but in physical form; it is clothed in parables so that your spirit can grasp it."]

April 25, The animal was there three times in the night, cannot see anything human about it.

April 26, It also came during the day. It has a human face, but also all black, eerie; it could also be the devil. But I don't want to give space to this thought.

April 27, It was already in my room when I went to sleep. During the evening prayers it ran around me and nudged me so much that I decided not to go to sleep and took refuge in the corridor. It stayed in my room. I went back inside for a while, couldn't see it. But no sooner was I inside than it lunged at me, throwing me to the ground. I felt like dying of fear; his face was very close to mine. Me: "Go away! I want to help you, just don't touch me!" Then he began to howl and retreated. Me: "Tell me, are you a soul?" He: "I am John." Me: "Why are you like an animal?" He: "My passion!" At the same time he howled. Me: "What do I have to do for you?" He: "As much as you can, I'm suffering!" Then he raged like a desperate man, or more like a bad animal.

May 12, John comes more than enough, still four-legged and like an evil animal, but the face becomes more and more human. His fur is wet, like coming out of the water.

May 17, Had to go through hardships, the dreadful fear makes me so tired.

May 22, Every night the creepy guest comes, the face can now be recognized completely, it is Dr. G..., who was actually a very good person. Nothing can be gotten out of him.

May 25, He increases in dreadfulness, and so do I in fear. He yelled at me, "Why don't you give me

anything?" Me: "But I'll give you what I can!" Then he threw himself on my bed as if in a rage. What happened next, I don't know anymore. When I came to, he was crouched in a corner. I got up and prayed next to him, then he was soon gone.

May 27, He came by day: Me: "Tell me, did you kill yourself?" He: "No." Me: "Why can't you find peace?" He: "The hidden sins..." I couldn't understand more. Me: "What else should I do to help you?" He: "Scourge yourself!" Me: "You're asking a lot of me, because just seeing you is enough agony for me!" He: "That's the only way you'll redeem me and you."

May 30, He came to me for a long time. He now walks on two feet but still has the fur. He walked around the room searching, finally he sat down on the floor and stared at me. It wasn't pleasant, but I could tell that his eyes had lost their evil expression. Me: "Can I help you better now?" He: "Yes." Me: "Why didn't you come to me earlier?" He: "I wasn't allowed to." Me: "Why do you come to me, aren't there others who can help you?" He: "You are closer." Me: "How am I closer to you?" He: "Your soul." Me: "How?" He: "You live as if you did not live." Then he was gone; would have liked to ask more.

June 4, He comes every day, but is silent. He has no more fur, but something gray on.

Two days of complete rest, how good that feels. Again, I would like to say that I am very reluctant to write about myself, but it is part of the whole.

June 8, He came to me as human. Me: "Now you're the same as before, tell me, why were you like an animal?" He: "My life was like that!" Me: "Yes, but you were quite tidy and didn't give a nuisance." He:

"God's justice sees everything differently than people do. My soul was starving, I was looking and couldn't find it." Me: "How did you get saved?" He: "In the last hour I believed." Me: "Tell me something about the afterlife!" He: "It's clarity and knowledge. Whoever has sown will reap." Me: "What bothers you the most?" He: "The longing." Me: "The longing for God?" He: "Yes." Me: "Are you still completely separated from him?" He: "I'm in the gap." Me: "In purgatory?" He: "No." He said something else, but impossible to understand, it might have sounded like "about it", but I can't say for sure.

June 10, Me: "Tell me again, where are you now?" He: "In the gap." Me: "What does that mean?" He: "Between darkness and clarity." Me: "So you'll be redeemed soon?" He: "Yes." Me: "Didn't anyone pray for you the whole time?" He: "Yes, the river of sacrifice keeps flowing, salvation for those who believed in it." Me: "Do you mean the Holy Mass?" He: Yes."

June 12, He came very bright and friendly. Me: "But today you're beaming!" He: "You gave me a lot." Me: "Can you tell me why you always come so nasty to me at the beginning? Were you aware of looking like a buffalo?" He: "Yes." Me: "Is that part of the punishment?" He: "The sin." Me: "Is there anything I can do to stop the souls from coming to me?" He: "The stream is unstoppable!" Me: "Give me a sign that you were with me, so that it is more likely to be believed!" He came very close and whispered in my ear, "One more sacrifice for us." Then he was gone, I think forever.

"Poor Martin"

July 4, Dr G... doesn't come anymore. Instead, two figures now appear with an indescribable noise, unrecognizable.

July 7, A man came towards me on the stairs. Thinking it was a beggar, I said, "Wait, I'll bring you something in a moment." Then it came close to me and melted into mist. He was so human that the thought of a ghost never crossed my mind. - In D... seen the lady seven times, her name is Isabella, I couldn't ask more because I wasn't alone.

July 9, Woke up to a terrible noise, my room was on fire for some time. Didn't see anything, just heard distant calls over the noise. Hearing is actually even worse than seeing, one is in a terrible fear of what is yet to come. I have to admit, my nerves are getting worse because I hardly sleep anymore.

July 11, The man from the stairs came to me in the oratory, opened the door in a humane manner; I was so scared, but remained kneeling calmly. First he stood next to me, then he knelt down. I couldn't stand it for long, so I went out and he followed me. Me: "What do you want from me?" He: "Love." Me: "I'll give it to you if you tell me who you are." He: "You helped me in life, look at me!" Then I saw that he was wearing a jacket that I had knitted years ago. Me: "I don't know you, only the jacket, did I give it to you?" He: "Yes." Me: "Did you live here?" He: "No." Me: "How did you get here then?" He: "Because you have to help me!" Me: "Why do I have to, no one can force me!" He: "Love!" Me: "Yes, but tell me your name!" He: "Poor Martin." Then he was gone, have no idea who that could be. Looked quite good-natured, an older man with a big beard, otherwise like a beggar. It was very strange because

of the jacket. How can something like that be, I can still remember exactly that I read Sven Hedin while I was knitting.

Was in Munich for a fortnight, it was almost unbearable there. At first just noise, then after five days a horrible male figure, completely unknown to me, who stood in front of me for hours with a beseeching gesture. Prayed with him a lot, but he was impassive, only once he put his hand on my head. Oh that hand! It was horrible. When asked who he was, he said, "Anima."[31] I couldn't get anything else out of him.

[31] The Latin word "Anima" means: soul.

Then I saw a woman standing next to the seller in a shop. When I asked her something, the man looked at me in astonishment and she was gone.

When I went to my sister's clinic, I met two women in the hallway who looked so pathetic that I had to ask them how they were, I felt so sorry for them. I could tell from the face of a merciful sister that she thought I was a fool and suddenly nobody was there.

As soon as I was back in W..., I saw poor Martin. He came to me in the garden. Me: "Do you realize that I am praying for you?" He: "Yes, give me more!" Me: "Thank you for not coming at night." He: "The others won't let me." Me: "What other ones?" He: "The ones with you." Me: "Are there many making the dreadful noise?" He: "Yes." Me: "Why can't I see you yet?" He: "You don't have the ability yet." Me: "When is this coming?" He: "In a higher sphere." Me: "Are you already in the same one?" He: "I'm in the gap." Me: "Can you come to me from the space first?" He: "Not everyone can find the way." Me: "Tell me, how is the way to me?" He: "Tough, but you attract us." Me:

"Where are you buried?" He: "Erlangen." Then he was gone. If I don't take my eyes off the characters at all, I find them to be more communicative. The noise at night is often unbearable - and I have yet to see it all.

In U... I've now seen Isabella 16 times. Me: "Where are you from?" She: "Out of agony." Me: "Were you related to me?" She: "No." Me: "When did you die?" She: "1846." Me: "Where are you buried?" She: "In Paris." Me: "Why can't you find peace?" She: "I never thought about my soul." Me: "How can I help you?" She: "A Holy Mass." Me: "Didn't you have any more relatives?" She: "They've lost faith." Me: "Have you been here in the castle the whole time?" She: "No." Me: "Why now?" She: "Because you're here." Me: "But have you been here a lot in your life?" She: "Yes, I was the friend of many." - She looks very nice. - Now something else that worries me a lot, my room has often looked like it was on fire, even during the day.

August 11, Poor Martin back in the garden with me. Me: "What do you want again? I'll do what I can for you." He: "You could do more, but you think too much of yourself." Me: "You're not telling me anything new, unfortunately. Tell me more, if you can see the bad in me." He: "You pray too little and lose strength in dealing with people." Me: "I know all this, but I can't just live for you. What else do you see in me, maybe sins for which you have to suffer?" He: "No, otherwise you couldn't help me." Me: "Tell me more!" He: "Don't forget that I'm only Soul!" He looked at me so friendly that it made me very happy. But I would have liked to know more about him. - If I could devote myself entirely to the poor souls, that would be nice, but - the people!

"I am the unpunished guilt!

August 14, Isabella from U... found me here even during the day. Me: "Why don't you stay in U...?" She: "I'll stay with you." Me: "For a long time?" She: "It depends on your mercy." Me: "You have to understand that I also have to help others and can't just give to you alone." She: "Draw from your love and you will help!" Me: "Is it God's permission that you come to me?" She: "Yes." I'm very happy that God thought of me.

August 23, One of the shadows has now taken shape, an old man. He is constantly in motion and his restlessness reminds me of the shadows of windswept leaves in the glaring sun on a gravel path. It's all the same rhythm in it.

August 25, The man raged abominably, it got better with prayer.

August 27, He speaks. Yelled at me, "Help me!" Me: "Sure, who are you?" He: "I am the unpunished guilt!" Me: "What do you have to atone for?" He: "I was a slanderer!" Me: "Can I fix something for you?" He: "My word lives on in writing, so the lie does not die." Me: "How am I supposed to help?" He: "Sacrifice yourself!" Then he came up to me and pressed his ugly head on my face. It was very bad, but I didn't lose consciousness. But I got a real chill from it.

August 28, Me: "Are you feeling better? Did you notice that I offered Holy Communion for you?" He: "Yes, you atone for my tongue sins." Me: "Can't you tell me who you are?" He: "My name shouldn't be mentioned anymore!" Me: "Where are you buried?" He: "In Leipzig." Me: "I can't understand how you find me." He: "The road that must be followed." Me:

"Will there probably be more on this road?" He: "Seven." Me: "Could you tell me about other souls?" He: "No." Me: "Who is still in the room, I see two shadows." He: "We are isolated." Me: "Does that mean you don't see the others?" He: "Yes." He stayed all night, always back and forth.

August 29, I saw him most of the day, he really haunted me. Me: "Why are you always there? I beg you, go away when I'm with people, I can't give you anything after all." Then he pushed me so that I almost fell down the stairs. Me: "You must not blackmail my help!" He: "Where are your sacrifices?" Me: "Forgive me for thinking about myself again." He didn't leave me until seven in the evening. It was a bad day. I fled into the church, and he stopped in front of me, quiet for once. Me: "Do you see Christ in the sacrament or in reality?" He: "The sacrament is for the living, the reality of perception only when I'm clean."

August 30, The man torments me horribly, he pushes and hits me. When asked why, he yells at me, "You forgot me!" Me: "But I can't do any more for you." He: "You have to!" Me: "What else do you want?" He: "You pray too little." Me: "Yes, unfortunately, but I'm so tired that I often can't go on anymore. Leave me alone and I'll pray more." Then he was like an angry man, gave me a push and was gone. At five o'clock he came back, yelled at me: "Get up!" Then he stayed with me until I went to church. When I came back he was already in my room. Me: "Do me a favor and go away now!" Then he threw himself on me, I cannot describe the ghastly thing; it was more than I can take. I don't want to whine again, but I'm so scared!

September 3, I've been through more these days than I have in all this time. It was a desperate

struggle. Now it seems over. He was very gentle and content today, but didn't speak anymore.

September 4, He came smiling to me. Me: "Today I like you." He: "I'm going into clarity." Me: "Don't forget me!" He: "The living think and forget, the dead cannot forget what love gave." He was gone, but in the end it was a consolation again. Who do you think he was? I asked him many questions without getting an answer. The people around me laugh at me because I can be heard talking to myself so often in my room. I say it's a sign that I'm already "losing it".

A Dominican

September 5, Now the other shadows dissolve. A Dominican came up to me, his face still unrecognizable, a gray lump. He is quite calm, but mumbles unintelligible words, seemingly in Latin.

September 6, He was with me all night. I was so sleepy I overslept and missed Holy Communion. That's how I am, always worrying about my body, undisciplined and mentally lethargic.

September 10, Nothing new. The Dominican is not to be feared, but very much there.

On the way to the sawmill I met a woman who had nothing special about her. As she passed me, I heard the cry, "Mercy!" I turned around and only then realized that it was a poor soul. The eyes are so different. There were workers in the field, so I pretended I had lost something and asked quietly, "What can I do for you?" She: "Pray a lot." As I looked closer, I realized that it was Rosa B...'s mother. Me: "Are you Therese B...?" She: "Yes." Me:

"But you lived so well?" She: "All pretense, only in the hour of death was I true." Me: "Shall I tell your daughters?" She: "No, you can help." Me: "But I have to help so many with my poor prayers, you won't get much out of it." She: "When love gives, small things become big!" She was gone.

September 13, The Dominican is a Father I knew well, a Frenchman. Was there for a long time, nodded to me as I began to pray.

September 17, I was very sad about something in the evening and cried. Then a hand fell on my head. I looked up, it was the Dominican. He said, "Why are you crying?" Me: "Because I'm not happy with myself." He: "Why don't you tell me everything?" Me: "Can you help me?" He: "I want to!" Me: "I'm so afraid for my soul. The will to do good can't be enough and I can't get any further." He: "If you don't sin, you cannot perish." Me: "But I sin, can't you see my soul?" He: "No, but the way to you is clear, otherwise we couldn't come. Have faith and be humble!" Me: "How can I help you?" He: "By mortification." Then he stayed a long time. It's not scary at all. It is the first apparition that began to speak without being asked.

The moments just after death

September 27, He was there a long time. Me: "Please tell me if we see God right after death." He: "Yes, a trembling of the soul in worship and then a sinking into purification." Me: "Can't you tell me more?" He: "No. The more you love God, the greater the happiness. Strive for it!" Me: "Do you need a long time until you are completely clean?" He: "No."

September 29, Three times I have seen in the church an old woman in front of the altar of the Mother of God, but I don't know her.

The Dominican was there a long time. Me: "Tell me, through what can you save your soul?" He: "Through firm faith and humility." Me: "Is there anything I can do to stop the poor souls from coming?" He: "No." Me: "But if I didn't pray for you all anymore?" He: "They would force you." Me: "Can I summon a soul I want to know something about?" He: "You have no power over them!"*

*The spiritualists claim that one can summon the dead. If this holy woman, who had such an ability to see the dead, doesn't succeed, how can curious spiritualists do it? Or to put it another way: Who appears at seances?

October 1, Something terrible is coming again, it seems to be an animal. I know this too will pass, but I am indescribably afraid.

October 3, After the terrible thing, the Dominican came. Me: "I'm glad you're coming, I was so scared. Do you know who was with me?" He: "No, we go our separate ways." Me: "It was an animal. Why an animal?" He: "You see the sin. Forget yourself and help!" Me: "What helps the fastest?" He: "The sacrifice of your will." Me: "Why not the Holy Mass?" He: "Because they didn't believe in it." Me: "But the others were helped immediately." He: "You cannot understand what God's righteousness is." - I'm not at all afraid of the Dominican, I'm more comfortable when he comes.

October 7, The terrible thing is with me every night now. It's a big monkey, like before. Why do I keep having this terrible fear? Can't I get used to something like that?"

October 9, Unfortunately, the Dominican is not coming, but the other one is.

October 10, A horrible night, but perhaps that is also part of mortifying the will. So I just want to describe the facts and no longer whine. - The monkey is as high as a door and rages around like a madman, he doesn't seem to hear praying yet. He came in by the window, which is always particularly spooky to me. He blows and snorts at me like a wild animal. He wanted to choke me and I quickly put the cross of the dying on my neck.

October 14, The monkey comes daily, or even more at night. Was very strange, his fur was wet like in the rain. The long arms clasped me. And yet I'm thankful it's a monkey, because if a snake came I couldn't bear it.

October 17, The monkey is unbearable. His eyes are glowing, and he stares at me. I have to admit that I've gotten braver. A year ago I couldn't have endured it, I fell unconscious. When I was so miserable, the Dominican came and the terrible thing was gone. Me: "Why didn't you come earlier?" He: "You were surrounded." Me: "By what?" He: "By the poor man's agony." Me: "Yes, help me to rescue him!" He: "I'm not free yet." Me: "Then tell me what to do for him!" He: "Show him your love!" Me: "But I can't muster up any love for him yet- at most, compassion." He: "Do what would be hard for you right now..." Me: "Flog myself?" He: "Yes."

October 18, The Dominican came during the day. Me: "You said you are not free yet; can I set you free? By what?" He: "Give me seven Holy Communions!" Me: "Why didn't you tell me earlier?" He: "Because you gave them to others." Me: "How can you know?" He:

"I saw them leaving you with their hands full." Me: "Another soul told me she couldn't see the souls that come to me. How come you can?" He: "We are different."

The monkey was with me half the night, very restless; he sat in a corner for the longest time. Then he pounced on me like a bad dog. I yelled at him, "You can't do that to me!" Then he fell to the ground, jumped up and back onto me. So I punched him. My God, I won't do that anymore! He cried out in wild pain and tears ran from his wild eyes. He crawled into a corner, whimpering. How sorry I was for being so hideously heartless. I did what I could and told him he could do as he pleased. And then I wrote the other day that I had more courage. If I had written that I had less heart, it would have been the truth.

October 19, When I played with Wolfram, the Dominican came. Me: "Don't frighten the child!" He: "His innocence attracts me." The boy was really quite funny. He looked at the priest with pleasure - unbelievable and yet true. Me: "Please go away, others are coming." He: "They can't see me." Me: "Why not?" He: "They are in life." Me: "But so am I!" He: "You belong to us!" He bent over Wolfram and was gone. - Why am I one of them? It's scary again!

"Do you know when I will die?"

October 20, The monkey was there almost all night. His face becomes a little more human, but a repulsive human. Prayed a lot with him, he craved holy water very much. I also saw him on the lawn in the garden. Saw the three women in the church again, they are in the old peasant costume.

October 24, The dear Dominican came. Me: "Can't you tell me why some of you really torment me sometimes?" He: "They are of the lowest order. Sin still clings to them. They are saved but not cleansed." Me: "Have you never been in this state?" He: "By God's grace, no." Me: "When did you die? I didn't know." He: "Four months ago." Me: "Tell me, if the soul is disembodied, how can I see your body?" He: "By the permission of God. How else could you see us?" Me: "But how come I feel with my eyes closed when you're around?" He: "We are connected to you." Me: "Do you mind if I'm still cheerful despite my pity for you?" He: "No, that's where you draw strength from!"

October 24, 25, 26, Bad nights with the monkey, almost no sleep. He seems to need a lot from me, no change yet. I understand it too, because my prayer is miserable.

The Dominican was there very briefly. Me: "You see that I'm sad, I can hardly take it anymore." He: "You wanted to sacrifice yourself?" Me: "Yes, yes, but my will is just weak." He: "The smaller you are, the greater the help." Then he said something unintelligible and was gone.

October 28. Nothing new, the monkey still torments me.

October 30, 31, November 1, Nothing special. It was touching of them (to leave her alone) because I was physically very miserable.

November 2, All Souls Day, the Dominican came. Me: "You have a nice day today." He: "Christ's blood flows in torrents!" Me: "You mean the many Holy Masses?" He: "Yes, this blood leads us to life." Me: "You too, today?" He: "I'm doing well." Me: "Now

you won't come often anymore?" He: "No." Me: "Can you tell me what helps my soul to get better?" He: "What I told you in life: The holy sacraments. Every day you must make yourself purer!" Me: "It's just a long way off. Pray for me! Do you know when I'll die?" He: "3 X 9." Me: "I can't understand that." He: "You shouldn't either!"*

*Eugenie von der Leyen died on January 9, 1929. The number 9 appears three times in her date of death.

Then the monkey came and my good friend was gone. I prayed the 'Dies irae' to him, and he came right up to me and looked at me so heartbreakingly that I had to pet him. He was greasy to touch. Me: "Are you still not able to talk?" Just one sob and he threw himself on me. Me: "I order you to stand up and tell me who you are!" He: "The impure one!" Me: "I'd be happy to help you, what do you need?" He: "That you sacrifice yourself!" Me: "Did you feel how much was prayed for you today?" He: "Yes, it gave me speech." Me: "Why are you in this state?" He: "There is no sin that I have not committed!" Me: "But you had faith?" He: "I despised the highest until the hour of my death." Me: "And then?" He: "When the realization came, I escaped hell." Me: "Do you want Holy Masses?" He: "I can't share in what I have not believed." Me: "Is that your punishment?" He: "One among many." Then he went back out the window. How I would like to help him quickly! He's a pity! He fills me with more distaste than fear now.

November 3, The monkey has been following me most of the day. So I had to play my two-person game. I was shaken to the core, talking and laughing on the surface. This is very difficult and takes a lot of strength! But when I could hardly take it any longer, I lost that certain feeling of happiness that I never write about again because I'm so afraid of being

overexcited. In the night he came back. Likewise on the 4th, 5th, 6th. Nothing more to get out of him.

November 7, The monkey was worse than ever to behold. Me: "What happened to you that you are so terrible?" He: "You should know my whole life!" Me: "Don't do that, I want to help you too." He: "Do you know who I am?" Me: "Yes, a very poor soul." He: "What do you see in me?" Me: "Nameless misery and vice looks out of your eyes. I don't want to hear what you did." He: "But you will atone for me?" Me: "Yes." He: "I want to help you do this!" He slapped me in the face and left. It is now incomprehensible to me that when I want to help, he still torments me. I have to ask him.

November 8, He was there almost all day. Me: "Why did you hit me the other day?" He: "Because I wanted to torment you." Me: "But if I want to help you, that's ungrateful!" He: "In my condition there is only evil." Me: "But you are saved, how can you still be angry?" He: "It still sticks to me, don't you see it?" Me: "Can't see more than you're a disgusting animal." Then he came very close. Now I saw something indescribable: His body was the cave of a thousand worms, everything about him was moving. I don't think I've ever seen anything so disgusting. Oh, if only I never had to see anything like that again! Me: "Please go away, I can't take it anymore. Are these the unpaid sins?" He: "Yes, God is just, my sins cry out to heaven." Me: "Do you mean the four sins that cry out to heaven?"* He: "You say it."

*The four sins that cry out to heaven are: 1. Willful manslaughter (murder). 2. The silent or sodomite sin (homosexuality and fornication with animals). 3. The oppression of the poor, widows and orphans. 4. The withholding or deprivation of earned wages.

Me: "Poor you! Tell me, did your remorse in the last hour have the power to save you?" He: "Repentance and the Sacrament." Now he came closer and laid his hideous arm on me. It's impossible to describe what that was like, this closeness! I closed my eyes and thought to myself, if only he would leave soon. Nothing prayed, nothing sacrificed! That's how I am, always thinking of me, so loveless with the poor! Finally he released me. Me: "Does that have to be?" He: "You cool me." Now I gave him quite a lot of holy water and he left. - The feeling when something like that is gone again borders on salvation. Only then can I work for them. I will probably still have a lot to do with this monkey. The thought depresses me very much, I have an indescribable fear, the many worms horrify me. I say, whatever God wills, but it's true that I think: oh, if only these things didn't happen anymore...

November 10-26, Many torments, nothing more to get out of him. There's no point in going into detail about what I've survived, because I'd rather not think about it at all.

November 27, He threw himself angrily at me. I couldn't defend myself, I didn't want to hit him again. I felt the worms in his fur. It was bad. Finally he let go of me. Me: "Why are you doing this again? I want you to talk!" Then he screamed: "I'm on fire!" Me: "What can I do for you?" He: "Holy water!" So I gave him lots of holy water and as before, there wasn't a drop on the floor. He looked at me kindly and started to cry. Me: "Tell me who you are." He: "Egolf von R..." Me: "So you lived here?" He: "Lived and sinned." Me: "Who did you kill?" He: "Susanne." Me: "Here?" He: "No." Me: "But have you also sinned here?" He: "The bad sins!" Me: "Doesn't your repentance help you now?" He: "No." Me: "Don't you have anyone else who could help you?" He: "No." Me:

"Have you been in this state in this house the whole time?" He: "No, after the darkness." Me: "What do you mean by darkness?" He: "The distance from God." Me: "So you're closer now?" He: "Yes." Me: "Tell me, where did you go right after your death?" He: "First the court and then the punishment!" Me: "You were before God?" He: "I have worshiped and I have sunk." Me: "Do you know what I can save you with?" He: "Yes." Me: "With what?" He: "Renounce all joy!"* Me: "Won't you then come to me as a monkey for much longer?" Then he hit me on the head and was gone. - Renouncing pleasure is actually not that easy. Because everything is actually joy to me, I have to slip out of myself completely.

*The Princess' spiritual director writes on this point: "Regarding joy, I explained to the Princess that the spirits had no right to require a renunciation of all pleasures. They did so only out of hardship, out of imperfection."

November 28, His hand seemed bloody to me. Me: "Why are you bleeding?" He: "My sin!" Me: "Didn't it turn out that you committed the murder?" He: "No, I have to tell you!" Me: "Who was Susanna?" He: "An innocent child." Me: "I don't want to know anything more about your sins!" Now he was yelling at me, jerking my arm and saying a word I couldn't understand. Just understood "...omite"*. It must have been a struggle for him to say it. He fell to the ground and groaned horribly. After the holy water he calmed down, stayed with me all night. Since sleep is joy for me, he wanted to force me, because how little I had given him.

*This can only mean the second sin that cries out to heaven, which is unnaturally regarded as "natural" by certain Catholic theologians today.

December 18, I didn't write anything because I couldn't talk anymore. The monkey became an angry beast and if I did my best for him, it was probably more out of cowardice than out of love. I have experienced horrible things, e.g., he shook out his fur and the worms fell on my bed. I thought I couldn't do it anymore because of disgust. When he left, the worms were gone too, that was a consolation. Today he finally came in human form, more like a young man. He didn't speak. Thank God he's this far!

December 21, He was there a long time. Me: "Why did you torment me like that?" He: "To increase your sacrifice." Me: "Have you survived the worst?" He: "I'm in the circle of light." Me: "Will you then go to see God?" He: "If I'm completely clean." Me: "What's the quickest way for me to help you?" He: "If you sacrifice your dearest one for me." Me: "Do you mean Holy Communion?" He: "Yes." Me: "But that's wrong! I want to help you with that." He: "You know my punishment, I didn't believe in it."

December 23, He was there a long time. Is no longer to be feared, only his eyes are still so piercing and restless. Me: "I would like to know how it is possible that you come to me in different forms." He: "By permission of God. You cannot see the soul." Me: "If you've been around for so long, why couldn't you show yourself to me sooner?" He: "I didn't have the ability yet, the road is long!" Me: "How did you find me?" He: "You found us." Me: "I don't agree, because I feel miserable when you come!" He: "Your soul doesn't speak like that."

December 24, He was often with me during the day, liked to pray, but said nothing.

December 25, He was there half the night. Me: "Do you know that it's Christmas?" He: "I may worship!" Me: "Aren't you coming anymore?" He: "No." Me: "Then I have to tell you that I lied to you when I said that I was unhappy about your coming. It's more the terrible fear that suffocates my love, I want to help." He: "You don't want to anymore, you have to!" He laughed at me and was gone. No sooner was he gone than the old rag picker stood before me in a pitiful state.

Gisela S...

January 17, 1926. Z... is no longer coming. A misty figure that is fairly calm comes along, nothing to fear. I can even sleep in her presence.

January 20, The figure appears to be a woman, but very different from what I've seen before, a foggy figure that doesn't touch the ground. The face is rather lovely and still young. She floats around the room with a grace that cannot be described.

January 27, My friendly visitor comes every night, but I can't get anything out of her. She also accompanied me to D...*, where I experienced something of my own in her presence. Suddenly there was a noise in my room, like a basket of glasses being thrown on the floor. An indescribable clang, and then my room was on fire. A terrible fear came over me because I really thought there had been a fire. I ran into the corridor - all in peace. When I came back my room was like before.

*D. is about an hour from where the seer lives.

And when I asked my dear figure what that was, she pointed to the meadow in front of the window, but I didn't see anything.

February 1, Finally the apparition seems to be getting closer to me. She said something to me very quietly, but I was unable to understand.

February 3, I'm looking forward to seeing her again. So - she was back. Me: "Please tell me who you are!" She: "Gisela." Me: "Why are you different from the others?" She: "Because I'll worship soon." Me: "Then why do you still come to me for help?" She: "Because I have to follow the voice." Me: "What voice?" She: "That prays for me." Me: "I never prayed for you, I don't know you." She: "Tell her I'm saved. I did it with my hands, not with my will." Now it occurred to me that it could be Gisela S... for whom S.L., a nun, always prays. Me: "Did you take your own life?" She: "Yes, I was insane."* Me: "Go to the voice!" She: "I can't find her." Me: "What should I tell her about you? Will you pray for her?" She: "Prayer and thanks!"

*Gisela S... died about two years earlier. It was rumored that someone else had shot her. She had a friend S.L. who prayed for her a lot. -Pastor Sebastian Wieser.

February 6, Gisela came back. Me: "Why are you still coming, since you are so close to salvation?" She: "To please you!" Me: "Thank you! Can you tell me what the terrible thing with the noise and fire was?" She: "Arm yourself with strength!" Me: "So it will come?" She: "Yes, it is yours!" Me: "Can't you pray for me that it doesn't come?" She: "You speak humanly!" Me: "Yes, you see, I still am. Do me a favor and tell me what's wrong with me!" She: "It's light around you, never let it get dark!" Me: "Don't say anything nice to me, be strict!" She: "Bring more

and more sacrifices of your will, that's how you help yourself and them!" She put her hands on my head and was gone. It was really a sign of rest; now she won't come anymore.

The scariest thing there is for me

February 8, Now the terrible thing came with power. I've never heard such a spectacle: storm, roaring, knocking over of the furniture, really anything you don't like. I want to be brave! I can't see it yet.

February 9, There was such a storm in the room as if all the doors and windows were open. I have another miserable anxiety that keeps increasing - and how can I help if I need help myself?

February 12, It was so bad that I was actually sweating with fear. In my great misery I felt more abandoned than ever. An invisible force raged around me. Because even my bed was raised, I fled to another room. A roaring storm surrounded me, I opened the window - everything was quiet outside.

February 13, 14, 15, always the same, the noise and the fear.

February 18, It was so bad that I'm sick of it. I have prayed the 90th Psalm again and again, it suits me so well, because for me, too, disaster creeps in the dark, and without trust in God it would no longer work.

February 19, A dark lump has now developed in the midst of the fire, from which the horrid noise emanates. No heat escapes from the flames. The storm has now subsided. I used a lot of holy water.

To be honest I have to say that I am in a very bad mental state right now, I have become so poor in giving. Because my soul has to starve because of being unwell, I feel that more and more. My strength fails when I cannot draw from the tabernacle.

February 21, It's there, the scariest thing there is for me. The black lump is a snake. When I saw it, I was paralyzed with terror. It's terrible for me, I'm afraid of a slow worm! The animal is very long, maybe three meters. I'm so cowardly I tremble at night; I still can't make a sacrifice. The flames are gone, as is the noise. So far it is calm. It wishes me "good night" and I go into the greatest torment!... Well, now I've been whining again, it has to be done! God doesn't send me more than I can bear. I would have thought that these diary entries could be like a calming medicine*; then it will be easier for me.

*Sebastian Wieser advised her to keep a diary because she didn't convey anything to those around her and he was of the opinion that she could use it to write something about her soul. We also know from Goethe that writing can have a liberating effect.

February 23, The serpent didn't come until after one o'clock. As when a body falls to the ground, it made itself felt. It was stretched out in front of me, but it's not three meters, as I thought, but a little over two meters; I measured the wall it was lying against. It was pretty calm. I told it I will do anything for it if it doesn't come near! At three o'clock it crept into the wall next to my bed, into W's room, who was screaming at the same time. When I asked how he slept in the morning, the nurse said, "I don't know what he had. He woke up at three o'clock and screamed, as if he was afraid of something." How sorry I am that the poor boy has to suffer because of my closeness!

February 24, The miserable beast has glowing eyes in which there is a great deal of anxiety. A very special feeling to pray with an animal. I took the cross particle with me, which gives me some reassurance. It was curled up, don't know which I prefer. I didn't go to bed at all, which was more comfortable. Just don't think what might happen next! I forbade it to go through the little one's room, threatening not to help it anymore. So I have some power over them, which is good for me. It crawled into the hallway.

February 25, I checked it out. It is dark gray with white stripes. It's quite impossible that it shouldn't be a tangible body, that it's just a figment of the imagination. Some might claim to, but have never experienced anything like this! I pushed the snake a little with a stick and it immediately unwound. It was bad, but I wanted to see in order to be able to report.

February 26, When I prayed with it, it crawled so close it was horrifying. It seemed comfortable; I was so bad that I stood on my chair. All questions remained unanswered.

March 2, My pride has been punished - I have no power over them. When I told it to be quiet, it squirmed towards me and hissed. I can't describe my fear.

March 3, A most despicable day! I saw the snake hanging from a tree across from my desk. I just walked out of the room to save myself from it with others. I came back an hour later and it was in the room. During the day it looks even worse. I quickly ran away again, it came at me through the door, then it was gone. But bad luck came during the night: It came down through the ceiling, I don't know any

more about it. That's how it must be when you're hit by a blow...

March 4, The snake speaks! Me: "Come finally as what you were. I can't stand you anymore." She: "It's your fault." Me: "Am I giving you too little?" She: "Yes." Me: "My strength is exhausted, the fear of you consumes me." She: "You are not clean from sin." Me: "Unfortunately! Tell me, how can you tell?" She: "There is a haze around you." Me: "Thank you, that will change!" - Now it was horrible! She curled up all over, then shot at my bed. I remember screaming - but then she was gone. But the terror was in my limbs the whole day.

March 5, I was at the Holy Sacraments. When I came home and was about to start my work, something grabbed me. I didn't immediately think of a spirit grabbing me but rather that it was some joke. Suddenly I saw a hand with a silver ring, like that worn by nuns; she grabbed my work. After a while a misty shape formed, but only the hand remained recognizable. Me: "Are you the snake?" She: "Yes." Me: "Who are you?" She: "You knew and despised me." Me: "Tell me your name!" She: "You should recognize me. Now help me!" - So I prayed a little with her. Suddenly I was wrapped in a fog myself and she whispered: "You hated my lie." I have no idea who that could be. But now I'm a free spirit since the snake doesn't come anymore. How I thank the dear God who took the evil from me!

March 6, The apparition was there for a long time, a streak of mist with hands. She is so tame that I even fell asleep in her presence. She doesn't react to anything.

March 8, The fog thickens - it's a woman. I can't even think who it is. I'm not even aware that I despised anyone.

March 9, She was there a long time, prayed a lot with me; how peaceful it is now! Since I'm now without the hideous reptile, I can give more again.

March 10, It is a nun; the veil is already recognizable, the face not yet. Me: "Please tell me who you are!" She: "A thirsty one!" Me: "Why did you come to me as a snake?" She: "I was not yet able to show myself differently to you." Me: "Why were you in this horrible form?" She: "The image of my life!" Me: "Were you a nun?" She: "Yes." Me: "Why don't you go ask your fellow sisters for help?" She: "I was with them, they don't see." Me: "Did I really know you?" She: "You despised my sin." She was gone. I have no idea who that could be.

March 11, In broad daylight, Pastor W... was with me, just like in real life. Me: "Are you okay? How happy that makes me!" He: "The time of suffering has purified me, I am saved. I now know that souls do come to you. Use the power! Whoever gives everything will receive a lot!"

The apparition pleases me for two reasons: 1) because it is good, 2) because he didn't want to believe me when I told him the story about the nun.* It is now the third time that those who didn't believe show themselves to me after their death. F.S. and K.T. came too. - My satisfaction does not come from pride, but I find it reassuring when those who do not need it come to me. Much of what I write may often sound rather arrogant. I often want to suppress something, but then it would no longer be entirely true.

*Compare first appearance

March 17, The nun greeted me in Munich right away, so no "holidays". I also saw three shadows and an old man.

March 19, She was there all night. So it's really Maria R..., a French nun from Pie... - She died five years ago in Marseille. Me: "Why don't you show yourself in your monastery?" She: "I'm there a lot, but they don't see me." Me: "Can you explain to me why I see you and the half-saints there don't?" She: "Their spirits are still trapped, you can release yourself." Me: "Release - from what?" She: "From yourself." Me: "Why did you come to me as a snake?" She: "It was the picture of my life - broken oaths - all lies and dissimulation!" Me: "And yet you are not lost?" She: "Before I died, I finally worthily received the Holy Sacraments." Me: "What else can I do for you?" She: "Pray with me and flog yourself, then it will be light around me."

March 25, She came every night now without answering. She's becoming completely clear now, just like in life, only sad.

March 30, Me: "Shall I write to Pie... from you?" She: "No, they're praying for me." Me: "What is your biggest sorrow?" She: "The unsatisfied longing!" Me: "Poor you, I'm so sorry that I was so unkind to you in life; now I want to make it up to you with love." She: "You saw through me." Me: "Because I was so strict with you, be strict with me now and tell me what you don't like about me." She: "You haven't understood your job yet." Me: "What job?" She: "Mercy." Me: "Yes, I'm so weak and selfish, such a poor person. Say more!" She: "Lower yourself and you will see!" Me: "I don't understand." She: "With your will you could penetrate the mists." Me: "I only

want what God thinks is good for me. How do I know if your advice is good?" She: "Do you see your angel?" Me: "No. Do you see him?" She: "Yes, he is with you." - I'm very happy about that, but I don't want to see him at all and not too much of the supernatural! My vision increases. I saw in A... three women and four foggy figures. - Fasting makes me freer, but it's a miserable fasting - cowardly as always.

A sign

March 31, When I went to church in A..., two ladies came towards me, completely unknown. Me: "Who are you?" They: "The Forgotten!" They were gone. I was sitting in my room. Suddenly I was surrounded by fog, with the sun shining in. Me: "If you are poor souls, give me a sign!" Then a painting of a horseman dressed in modern clothes riding a fox, fell near me. He swerved in front of me and disappeared into a bush. A dog that was with me barked. A bit much in one day.

April 1, I was alone in the railway carriage - the nun came. Me: "Can you find me everywhere?" She: "I'm always with you." Me: "Then how come I don't always see you?" She: "Because your 'fluid' changes." Me: "What is that?" She: "You don't understand." Me: "How long will you come to me?" She: "Until you sing Hallelujah!" Me: "So the day after tomorrow?" She: "Yes." Me: "Tell me something about the afterlife!" She: "You wouldn't believe it - infinity of infinity!" Then she began to sing, I couldn't understand anything, I think it was Latin. So we arrived in Munich.

On Good Friday I saw and heard nothing.

On Holy Saturday I only saw two shadows.

Easter Sunday was too nice, will never be able to forget it. At the "Vidi aquam" the nun stood beaming in front of me on the steps of the altar. What a difference that was with the sight of the serpent! - Dear God, thank you! - I have now made up my mind to endure everything patiently and not to write about it anymore. I'm so afraid of complacency creeping in - but I'll leave that to your judgement.

An acquaintance "in the abyss"

April 24, My resolution not to write about it again didn't last long. It doesn't work, I feel unsupported.

For more than a fortnight a man has come to me in a very sad condition. It's bearable; don't know him.

April 27, He was very restless and crying.

April 30, He came running into my room in daylight with blood on his head and hands. Me: "How can I help you?" He: "Give me your hand!" I gave it to him with disgust and the certain feeling that I would get bloody too. None of that. They were just very hot. Me: "How can this help you?" He: "You're cooling!" Me: "Who are you?" He: "You must know me!" Me: "I don't know you." He: "I'm buried in the abyss." Me: "Your soul or your body?" He: "My shell." Me: "What's your name?" He: "Alois." - I have no idea who that could be.

May 1, He came again by day. I saw very clearly that his head was completely smashed in. Me: "Why are you so full of blood?" He: "Because nobody dries it for me." Me: "Should I do that?" He: "You don't understand my language!" Me: "You're talking

figuratively. Is blood pain?" He: "Yes, I am forgotten in the abyss." - He went away crying.

May 2, He held the doorknob as I walked into my room. It's too strange, I'm more frightened by these minor things than by the apparition itself. - Me: "Tell me, why do you keep talking about the abyss?" He: "Because I'm in it." Me: "Is that the name of a punishment?" He: "No." Me: "Can't you tell me more?" He: "No." Then he suddenly jumped at me as if he wanted to hurt me. Me: "Be calm, what do you actually want?" He: "You must know me!" But I just don't know him.

May 3 and 4, He was there a lot without talking.

May 5, It occurred to me that it could be Alois Z..., who was at... 1879, a great mountaineer, and I think he had an accident on the Tödi. Unfortunately he didn't come today.

May 6, So it really is as I thought. Me: "Are you the unfortunate Mr. Z...?" He: "You set me free!" Me: "How can it help you that I recognize you? He: "Then you will give more." Me: "It doesn't make a difference to me. I do what I can. Are your bones still in the abyss?" He: "Yes." Me: "But that won't harm your soul, it's saved." He: "Saved, but in the abyss. I am calling to you from the depths!" Me: "Do you still have to atone for so much?" He: "My whole life was meaningless*, how poor I am! Pray with me!" That's what I did for a long time. I don't understand it myself, how I can. I'm no longer the scattered self. He became very calm and looked at me so gratefully. Me: "Is it easier for you now?" He: "Yes." Me: "Why don't you pray yourself?" He: "The soul is fainthearted when it knows the greatness of God." Me: "Aren't you allowed to describe it to me?" He: "No. But the consuming longing to see Him

again is our torment." Me: "Are you with other souls?" He: "Yes, but we are all isolated." Me: "How did you find me?" He: "You were on my way." Me: "How can I help you best?" He: "If you hurt yourself and don't commit a sin." Me: "But you're asking a lot of me. The first is fine, the other I would like, but it's not possible. Unfortunately, I'm still a human being and exposed to so much." He: "The purer you are, the more you can help us." Me: "How do you know that?" He: "We are painless when close to you." Me: "But go to a perfect one!" He: "The way is shown to us." Me: "From what spheres may you come to me?" He: "From the lower ones." Me: "And then?" No answer. But he stayed there for a long time.

*Sport and tourism are not the goal and meaning of life. Nothing remains but spiritual poverty and emptiness. How few profit from the feasts of the Lord, how detached from the Creator do people live day to day.

May 7, He came to breakfast, walked back and forth between... and me. It was almost unbearable not to let anything be noticed. I was finally able to leave, but almost immediately he was with me again. Me: "Please, don't come when I'm among people!" He: "I only see you." Me: "Do you remember the rooms you were in so often?" He: "Yes." Now he came up to me and put his hands on my shoulders. He was very unlikeable to me in life, now even more so. Me: "Leave me, I don't want you to touch me." He: "Now you're clean." Me: "Did you notice that I was at Holy Communion with you today?" He: "That's what attracts me." - I prayed with him for a long time - he looked happier. All of this is very reluctantly written.

May 9, A.Z. was there a long time. Unfortunately I was very busy, and he sobbed a lot. Me: "Why are you so sad today? Aren't you feeling better?" He: "I see everything so clearly." Me: "What?" He: "My lost

life!" Me: "Does it still help you to have regrets now?" He: "Too late!" Me: "Did you feel that immediately after death?" He: "No." Me: "Tell me, how is it possible that you can only show yourself as you were in life?" He: "By will."

May 10, There's something new about to happen to me, I'm afraid.

May 13, Z... here, but very restless. Me: "When will you finally calm down?" He: "You are divided." Me: "Do you notice that something else is already pressing on me?" He: "Yes." Me: "Can't you drive the other one away?" He: "No." Me: "What is it?" He: "Give me the last thing you have, then I'm free!" Me: "Okay, I don't want to think about the other stuff just yet." He was gone. It's not as easy as I promised him - I'll try to eliminate the nagging altogether. I can't satisfy two. - I have to admit something: I felt so miserable and so terribly abandoned that I cried like a child. I'm still so unwilling to make sacrifices.

May 15, Me: "Are you satisfied?" He: "Yes, peace!" Me: "Is it coming over you?" He: "To the radiant light!" That day he came to me three times, each time a little happier. It was probably goodbye.

May 16, Woke up to a horrible noise, it was a storm in my room. I got up - it was windless outside. Then a big ball rolled through my room or a misshapen barrel, can't tell exactly what; was too scared. Then I suddenly heard myself being called very clearly. I was very confused - then suddenly everything was quiet and I was able to sleep a little longer.

May 17, Similar again, but not as bad.

In the garden I saw two women coming towards me - suddenly they were gone.

Eleanor

May 25, I was in H...* for a visit. It found me here again. It is very human, but horrible. It is reminiscent of a Medusa head.

*H. is a day's journey from the home of the seeress.

May 27, I was sitting by my N..., suddenly someone grabbed my shoulders and shook me. The others saw it and asked: "Are you cold?" - I almost froze with fear. It is a horrible woman, really repulsive.

May 29, I saw a floating figure approaching me in the forest.

June 2, The abominable woman was there a long time. But nothing new. - The floating figure came right towards me and was completely enveloped in a light cloud. - A very special feeling came over me, not fear, more happiness. But at the same time I saw myself and everything bad about me in a whole new light - it was maybe my first good regret. I was in the forest, but saw no more trees, I was locked in a white haze and only soul - that's why I can't describe it. But what is it that surrounds me and makes me so happy? I realize it has nothing to do with the spirits. The extravagant is so repugnant to me - but I'm afraid I am. I was longing for Holy Communion, which is only rarely possible here, and as I thought about it, there it came. Who can I pour out my heart to but you? I might resist that if you think it better, but frankly I'd sacrifice it because it's too lucky. But what is it? Can't it come from the evil enemy who wants to get hold of me? Why should the

good Lord send me this token of favor that he only gives to the good? I'm nothing at all, I still don't have a virtue in me, just full of unfulfilled intentions. That just makes me uneasy. So, now you know everything again, the paper is a great tranquilizer.

June 11, The woman comes almost every night, but there's nothing to do for her. Only prayer seems to please her.

June 17, She finally whispered, she's from Passau and her name is Eleanor.

June 22, She almost freaked me out in front of Holy Communion. She shook my arm so much, stood huge next to me; I thought everyone should be able see it. Can she read minds too? Because hardly had I thought I would give her Holy Communion, and she was gone. - At night she laid her head on my hand, I felt her eyelashes. I took holy water and poured it on her. She: "You are merciful!" Me: "It was so difficult to help you, have you been here long?" She: "If you knew how I sinned!" Me: "I don't want to know. I can only help you." She: "Write to Passau that..." (Impossible to understand. Makes me very sad, but it was only a whisper, hopefully I'll find out.)

June 24, Me: "Tell me immediately what I should write to Passau!" She: "The child killed was mine." Me: "Who do I have to write to?" She: "Gr..." Me: "When did you kill the child?" She: "Summer 1823." Me: "But Gr... isn't alive anymore." She: "I slandered her." Me: "I want to see what I can do, but maybe it'll be easier for you because you said so." She: "Unhappy, unhappy!" Then she was gone.

Two days of complete rest. Glorious sleep.

June 27, Something new appeared with a lot of noise and moaning, unrecognizable. It was like a big box.

Eleanor also came and gave me a kiss, I don't like that at all. Then I prayed with her for a long time and she seemed happier. Me: "Is there anything else I can do for you?" She: "Don't push me off you!" Me: "But I'm not doing it!" She: "You avoid me when I want to touch you." Me: "Yeah, it scares me and I can't help you." She: "Leave me!" Then she snuggled up to me. It may be that it helps her if I make sacrifices for her.

June 29, The other terrible one was back. It is like one carrying an incomprehensibly heavy burden. - Then Eleanor came back. Me: "Come on, give me your hand!" Then she came up to me, laughing. Me: "Are you feeling better because you're laughing?" She: "It's over!" Me: "What is?" She: "The desolation." Me: "Why?" She: "Because you gave." Me: "Just today I gave you very little, had so little time to think about you." She: "Your will was sacrificed!" Me: "When you know everything about me, tell me what else you don't like about me!" She: "You're still hesitating in giving, you shouldn't keep it to yourself anymore." Then the new thing came in and she was wiped away. Oh, if only I were as far along as the spirits want! But there is still a long way to go!

June 30, She came towards me on the stairs, laughed at me and pointed far away with her hand. Maybe that was the end.

July 4, Eleanor is with me often. She doesn't speak anymore and looks content. The heavy-laden man is very tormented and restless; you can already distinguish his face, big gray beard - don't know him.

July 7, There was a lot of noise in the room during the day. My dresser and the door jumped up, but there was nothing to see. It repeated four times.

July 9, Reality has complemented the dream. I dreamed that a man with a heavy load came to me and laid the load in front of my bed. I woke up - the man was really standing in front of me, shaking some dark, unrecognizable thing from his hunched back onto the floor. This struck me as so strange that I stood up to make sure I was awake. I wrote it down because it's never been like this before.

Eleanor doesn't seem to be coming anymore.

I hear a lot of new noise and also calls, but not my name: "Hear us! - Help us!" and then a piercing scream.

July 11, I've done some thorough examination to see if the things I'm writing here are true, and I can honestly say yes. I'm in the habit of reading it over and over again before handing it in, and have often put away what I felt was excessive. When it comes to the "other", maybe my feeling goes too far...*

*For the time being I will not reproduce the wording of the diary here. These are apparitions and visions that have nothing to do with the poor souls. The visionary also associated a self-characterization with the mention of these visions, which was only intended for the addressee and which is very similar to a confession in a letter. She once wrote: "I must now prepare for death and finally get serious about it..."
- Pastor Sebastian Wieser

Nicholas

July 20, The black monstrosity and the black box has now turned into an old man; he wears the costume

of earlier centuries. Me: "It took you a long time to really show yourself to me." He: "It's your fault." Me: "Have I done too little for you?" He: "Your strength is decreasing." Me: "Yes, I feel it myself, I can't take it anymore." He: "Free yourself!" Me: "But I also have to have human charity, I can't just live for you." He: "You must pray more!" Then he left, only to come back two hours later. I had slept; that's the way I am! I'm so dead tired - I can't, I haven't had a moment to myself all day. - Me: "Come on, I want to pray with you now!" Since he seemed satisfied, he came very close. He is an old man in a brown doublet with a gold chain. Me: "Who are you?" He: "Nicholas." Me: "Why don't you rest?" He: "I was an oppressor of the poor, they cursed me." Me: "Did you live here?" He: "No." Me: "Where?" He: "In Mainz." Me: "Are you related to me?" He: "No." Me: "How can I help you?" He: "By sacrifice." Me: "What do you mean by sacrifice?" He: "Everything that is difficult for you to sacrifice for me." Me: "Doesn't prayer help you anymore?" He: "Yes, if it's difficult for you." Me: "Must I always sacrifice my will?" He: "Yes." Then he stayed a long time.*

*A Truth of Religious Life: Prayer must be combined with sacrifice. A word of warning: Do not pray selfishly! Pious feelings often lead the worshiper astray and lull him into a false sense of security. The cross of Christ is the wisdom of the praying person.

July 22, When I moved to Rottweil, he was right back. Me: "But how do you find me?" He: "I'm not leaving you." Me: "But why don't I always see you?" He: "Because you are divided." Me: "Other souls have already told me that. Tell me more!" He: "You are detached, but not completely." Me: "Why don't you go to the detached ones?" He: "I can't find them."

July 23, A horrible night. I saw more figures in my room than ever before. They crowded around me and moaned. Unlike the other apparitions, these were bodiless. It was so scary that I cried in fear. They surrounded me for almost three hours. - Nicholas came early in the morning. Me: "Do you know who was around me?" He: "No, you forgot me." Me: "No, but I had to give to the others too, you shouldn't torment me like that!" Nicholas: "We follow a higher will."

Two days of complete rest - how good that was!

July 26, Four figures, then Nicholas. Me: "How come you haven't found anyone to help in a long time?" Nicholas: "I was still in the dark." Me: "And how did you just come to me?" He: "The way is shown to us." Me: "But you will be helped in a completely different way by the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, where you are always remembered." Nicholas: "The punishments are different, not everyone has a share, God is just!"

July 28, It was almost unbearable how tormented I was, surrounded by so many figures. Where I went, they went with me; I thought I was crazy, but I wasn't allowed to show anything. In the midst of my semi-desperation, the "other" grabbed me - I was mentally calm and saw and heard nothing more. Yes, I don't want to write anything about it.

July 29, Nicholas put his hand on my head and gave me such a friendly look that I said: "You look happy, can you see God?" Nicholas: "Your suffering has set me free." Me: "Did you notice what was happening with me these days? But I thought it wouldn't help you because I didn't bear it happily." Nicholas: "Your will was broken." Me: "Are you coming back anymore?" He: "No." Me: "Where are you buried?" He: "At Neckar." Me: "But didn't you live in Mainz?"

He: "I was killed in the war!" He walked up to me again and put his hand on my head. It wasn't terrible - or I'm already numb to it.

August 4, Nothing new. There are figures, but they do not torment me. Something strikes me: It now always takes much longer until the apparitions are satisfied. I can't explain it any other way than that I've become poorer in good things.

Ms W...

August 7, A sobbing figure now appears very often, and its movements also express the greatest pain.

August 11, For the past two days, its restlessness has been getting worse - it's a woman. I am very grateful that I should write about the "other"...

August 15, The poor sad woman is Mrs D... W... just like she was in life; she is heartbroken.*

*Her husband had come earlier.

August 18, Always the same, she can't talk. She threw herself on my bed and cried horribly.

August 20, She was with me seven times, nothing to fear, just makes me very sad.*

* Saints also became afraid that evil spirits would lead them astray. A minister has urged her to stop making notes; this gave her scruples. That is why the diary shows a longer break after this date.

February 25, 1927. So now I'm writing again, all stupid scruples are gone! Ms. W... came to see me a

total of 37 times, she was never terrible, just indescribably sad. She spoke very little.

Me: "Why do you have to suffer like that? You were so good!" She: "God judges differently than people, everything was external." Me: "But didn't you have to suffer so much from grief and worry?" She: "I didn't bear it in a sacrificial way!" - Then I didn't get her to talk anymore - suddenly she stopped coming.*

*Mrs W... was well known to both the Princess and Pastor Wieser.

Betty

Now comes the former K... Betty who was in the hospital for so long. I didn't know she died but heard about it later. She cries and moans terribly. It was only after many visits that I got her to speak. Me: "Where are you from?" She: "From the deepest fog." Me: "How did you find me?" She: "The light attracted me." Me: "How can I help you?" She: "Mortify yourself!" Me: "I'm amazed that you tell me that. I've talked to you about it so many times and you always said it wasn't worth it." She: "Now I see everything in a different light!" Me: "Do you have to suffer a lot?" She: "The longing consumes me." Then she cried heartbreakingly and was gone.

After a few nights she came back. Me: "Don't you have a will of your own yet?" She: "No." Me: "How did you come to me?" She: "We follow a higher line, our own will dies with the body." Me: "May you tell me about the afterlife?" She: "No. Believe!" Me: "What should I believe?" She: "What the church says." Me: "Is there anything I can do to stop the souls from coming?" She: "No, let them come!"

She came four more times without speaking; then it was over.

Something has changed: I'm no longer afraid, much less frightened when I notice that something is there. So you can get used to it. Only the dreadful fatigue afterwards increases, not physical fatigue like after exertion, but a mental slackness that even extends to the will. What used to cost nothing is now associated with a struggle, I want to and sometimes I can't bring myself to do it.

I was again in Germany 8 days... During this time I saw five different figures, two danced together. And again a child saw it. We played together, there was a lady standing between us. The child laughed and said: "A new woman is there!" She wasn't scary.

The Gardener N...

In G... I met a long-dead gardener. He came closer and closer to me and when he stood in front of me, he gave me a friendly nod. Me: "Are you N...?" He: "Yes." Me: "How come I've never seen you?" He: "I was still bound." Me: "How bound?" He: "I wasn't allowed to." Me: "Tell me more!" He: "How human you are!" I've heard this accusation more than once.

When I open a door, I often get the feeling that someone is coming towards me. Something brushes past me, I often hear my name called...

Trees were being felled in the garden when gardener N... suddenly stood in the middle of the men and also got to work. I asked a companion as a test: "How many men work with you?" Unfortunately, he only saw the living.

I saw him eleven times, but he couldn't speak anymore.

Ah, talk! What do I even want to talk about? It's always about the same thing. I really don't know what else to ask. For a while I pretended not to notice my visitors. Then they became real tormentors, pushed, pinched, even hit me. My latest practice now is not to ask and not to speak, only to pray.

Cecilia

April 9, Seven figures swayed around me, and I first recognize a female figure, not to be afraid of, but not to sleep on either.

April 12, The woman's name is Cecilia. She slandered. Me: "Who else is there with you?" She: "Six souls." Me: "Why can I only recognize you alone?" She: "I've been with you for months, you had others." Me: "Now I have others too." She: "I'm closer to you." Me: "Why?" No answer.

April 14, Looking closer I see her mouth is full of sores, her lucidity isn't pretty at all. Me: "When I pray for you when you're not there, do you notice it right away?" She: "Yes, I'm always with you." Me: "Explain to me why I don't always see you." She: "Because you wouldn't be able to stand it."

April 16, I was literally hemmed in by seven like a wall that's getting tighter and tighter. Me: "Leave me alone, don't torment me!" They: "We want to help you!" Me: "Can you see that I have worries?" They: "Yes." Me: "Can you pray for my request?" They: "We can pray for you, but not for us poor people." Me: "How can you know my concerns?" They: "You

are divided." Me: "But I don't always think of you." They: "Your power is ours, but you give it to others."

April 17, I poured my dear Easter water on her as soon as she came. She looked happy. Me: "That will help you more than anything I do." She: "You only give it to me. It heals, you save." Of the six figures, one man is now clear, but I don't know him, he looks very sad.
I see many shadows during the day - it can be the 5 unexplained ones. Sometimes something gives me a chill, but thank God there are no more animals.

April 23, Cecilia looked better. Me: "You're different; are you feeling better?" She: "The mists are gone, now I worship." Then she brushed my face with her hand and was gone.

The girlfriend... waiting for the reward

A good friend came to me, Gr... from M..., who died in January. I recognized her straight away. Me: "You look happy! Where are you?" She: "In the most beautiful living room." Then she was gone. That statement actually annoyed me. So worldly!

After three days she came back. Me: "Why did you speak so earthly of a living room?" She: "So that you understand me, humanly speaking!" Me: "Are you in heaven?" She: "No, waiting for the reward." Me: "Reward - for what? Tell me so that I become like you!" She: "Duty and a spirit of sacrifice!" Me: "Do you know that you left your husband?" She: "We see with different eyes. Everything is for the best!" Me: "Tell me, what is the place of expectation?" She: "The final stage of longing." Me: "Why did you come to me if you no longer need my prayer?" She: "To please you. I knew about you." Me: "Do you still see

my body or my soul?" She: "Your soul. We are the disembodied." Me: "But I see you as you were. Tell me how that happens!" She: "Because you are not yet able to see the soul." Me: "Can one see a soul?" She: "Is there a light that doesn't shine?" Me: "Tell me what's bad about me!" She: "You still enjoy charity - you should be free!" Now she was gone. How good it was to talk to her. Oh yes, be free and only belong to God! I already know what to do, but -

An indescribable impression

Two men are with me a lot, they push forward, everyone wants to be the first. Don't know them, they are very sad. - Me: "Who are you?" They: "Forgotten!" Me: "No one is forgotten, because at Holy Mass everyone is prayed for." Then one came up to me and whispered in my ear; could have been "a thousand" - but I can't say for sure. Then I saw fire and they were gone.

Once I was lying awake when I felt my bed lifted up and with a crash it came down to the floor again. I couldn't turn on the light and something grabbed my neck and I felt like I was choking. I was terrified, thrashing around but finding nothing. It was hideous. I had to go through the same thing seven times, then I saw a woman in a most despicable condition. Me: "Have you always tormented me like that? Why?" She: "Because I hate you!"* Me: "Why is that? I didn't do anything to you." She: "You blind me!" Me: "But I want to help you." Then she threw herself at me in a rage until I cried out, "In the name of Jesus, go away!" Then she was gone. I have an uncomfortable feeling that it was something very evil, unlike the previous one. It scares me terribly and I pray it doesn't come again. She made an

indescribable impression on me, and I keep thinking about her.

*This woman seems to have only one emotion: envy. Everything in her is envy.

The two men came again. Me: "Where did you live?" They: "Here." Me: "When?" They: "57,000 days ago." Me: "What were you?" They: "Servants." Me: "How can I help you?" They: "Give us a Holy Mass!" - It happened, and I didn't see them anymore.

The "9th of August"

July 3, Something strange happened to me then. I was in the garden picking strawberries; suddenly a terrible wind came over the flower bed. I looked up - no tree was moving, only the strawberry leaves swayed in the wind. The thing was scary for me and I went into the house - not a trace of wind. So I went out again - all quiet. As soon as I start picking again - the same. I ask: "Is there a poor soul?" Then I see four figures dancing around me and calling out to me: "August 9th!" And everything was as usual. - August 9th, how strange! This is the fifth time I've been told or dreamed of that date. I think it was 1898, when it made a big impression on me. I thought I was dying. The last time, in December, I dreamed that there was a large piece of paper on my desk that said "August 9th". It's strange, but I'm not afraid. It just makes me curious.

In general, I get a little more sleep now.

I only wrote down the things that were spoken. Other things were a lot, but not bad. You can get used to that too.

Johannes

Since August I have experienced four things, actually different types of apparitions, and I have the definite feeling that I could give them little. There were 27 phantoms in all, eleven of them bad...

It's been different again for eight days. A good acquaintance, F... H..., the father of... comes to me and always wants to touch me. Holy water makes him a little calmer. He's difficult - and yet I'm happy. His appearance is like a blinding lantern aimed at me. As time goes on, it gets darker around him. During the day I see him sitting in a tree across from my window, half animal, half man. After a few days he threw himself on me with a scream. Me: "Johannes, what do you want?" He: "Your peace." Me: "Go to your wife who prays so much!" He: "I can't find her." Me: "She is very sorry about... Maybe it would be better if you went to her." He: "I'm not allowed to leave the path!" Me: "Do you know everything about your...?" He: "No, human worries are far away!" Me: "How can I help you?" He: "Let me stay with you as long as I can - don't talk anymore!" - Now it seemed to me as if my speeches had made him sad; I was very sorry. He's there a lot now, but I don't talk anymore. He is very restless.

Another woman comes, and then there is a lot of noise in the room. - In the church I saw 7 figures waiting for me right at the entrance.

November 7, In the evening - half dark - I go for a walk in the avenue when two women come towards me, I don't know them. I want to talk to them - gone! I was really terrified and went home quickly. Actually: The more natural the phenomena are, the more

frightening one gets. I've experienced this more often than not.

I get home to find an old woman at my desk sitting with her head supported. Me: "What are you doing there?" She: "I'm looking." Me: "What are you looking for?" She: "My promise." - I unlocked the door to please her. At the moment she was messing everything up. She stared at the things with glowing eyes. I've never seen a search like this before. She also had my letters* in her hand. Finally she moaned: "Lost!" and was gone. I have no idea who that could be. According to the way she dressed, she was of the present time.

*These were the letters that Pastor Wieser had written to the princess.

November 8, Johannes was there almost the whole night. Me: "You look happier." He: "I advanced!" Me: "Where to?" He: "In knowledge." Me: "Also in penance?" He: "No, that's over. The knowledge of the light." Me: "Tell me more about the light! Is that God?" He: "Understanding belongs only to the bodiless!"

November 11, The searching woman was again in the room today. Me: "Can't I help you?" Then she looked at me and cried. The other day she was standing in front of my desk and now comes the inexplicable: The locked drawers were open. Then I really got the creeps. No delusion! She stood there smiling, came towards me and put her head on my shoulder. And she was gone. In the drawers everything was as usual.

Something new is that I wake up with an uncomfortable feeling - and then I see the whole wall

full of heads. That's very spooky. They stare at me with various painful expressions.

November 27, Johannes H... is much clearer and happier with me. I prayed with him. Me: "What else can I do for you?" He: "Sacrifice your will!" Me: "I'd like to - but it's always so difficult." He: "The power will be given to you." Me: "Why don't you go to your wife?" He: "I will be shown the way!" Me: "Tell me more about eternity!" He: "Believe and trust!" Then he was gone.

December 4, I didn't see him anymore, neither did I see the woman. Only otherwise a lot of noise and figures during the day.

A witness

January 11, 1928. I sent W... to my room to get a book. He ran back and said, "There is a beggar in there." I went straight over, and there was a man who really looked like a beggar, very sad. Me: "Where are you from?" He: "Out of the tribulation." Me: "Who are you?" He: "Josef H..." (Years ago, a family H... lived here. I don't know whether one was called Josef.) Me: "What can I do for you?" He: "Pray for me!" Me: "When did you die?" He: "1874." Me: "Why do you have to suffer for so long?" He: "Slander!" Me: "Can I fix something?" He: "Yes, the... of D... M..."* Me: "What is it?" Then someone came and he was gone. Now I vaguely remember that they told a story about the priest D... M... and always sent me away when they spoke of it.

*A priest

The pastor's mother

December 17, It seems very peculiar to me that I should be your mediator with the hereafter. Think about it! The woman who came to me for almost three weeks and who answered "His mother" - is your mother...

A two-way conversation follows, which I will not reproduce here for personal reasons. Unfortunately I couldn't find out more about it than that my mother was saved. Please note that the princess never knew my mother when she was alive.

The message of December 17th was the last I was allowed to receive. She herself, who has made so many sacrifices to the poor souls in the last decade of her life, now dwells in the contemplation of God - as I certainly believe.

As noted elsewhere, she died on January 9, 1929.

Pastor Sebastian Wieser

Epilogue

Readers who have worked their way carefully through the diary repeatedly state that they are appalled by the not only pathetic, but even very evil nature of the dead who have appeared. Although it was believed that nothing unclean could come to the contemplation of God, it was thought that the deceased had gained a significant insight into the reality of the spirit and was suffering more outwardly for sins.

Thomas Aquinas compares the human soul to a blank sheet of paper on which man writes the spiritual and moral content of his life. So during life the soul becomes what he recognizes and loves. If in death he sheds his body like an old robe, nothing changes what he wanted to know and love in life. His life and actions have become his true being. With his soul he arrives in the afterlife. What he loved and felt in his heart, all virtues and vices, all secret tendencies and passions are his Self, only with the difference that the distractions that his body made possible are no longer possible and he experiences his soul without any alleviation. Only one thing has changed completely, the view of the values and non-values of life. He now knows that good and God are inseparable and that his sins mean "weeping and gnashing of teeth". Lust of the eyes, lust for the flesh and pride in life, wickedness against people, rebellion of one's own will against God's will, which was once something like satisfaction, he experiences as cancer and leprosy, as terrible shame and pain, as darkness and lonely despair. His sins are the flames that rage through his whole being; even more so they determine his form. In life all deeds seem to be something external, but now he is identical with his sins.

Poor souls and purgatory according to the teaching of the Church

by P. Kaspar Demmeler S.J.

God's mercy and love does not only extend to the living, but also to the dead who are still on the way to Him: the poor souls.
Let us first ask: what happens after death? When the soul leaves the body, it is as if lost, as if enveloped by God. It is surrounded by such sacredness that in a single moment it surveys its whole life and at the same time what it deserves for it.
If the soul is completely clean of sins and the penalties of sins, it can and may enter the eternal vision of God immediately. After all, she is in her wedding dress, which is completely flawless. The light of God in which she is immersed floods her with inexpressible bliss and absorbs her into the joys of heaven.

But for the defiled soul that is without serious guilt, i.e., without mortal sin, this light is already judgment; for a state of blemish is incompatible with the infinite holiness and perfection of God. Union with God, the soul's eternal bliss, is therefore impossible. The soul would not endure his nearness. It would like to fly into the arms of God in no time at all, but it feels completely unworthy, as if tied up. Torn by the pain of regret, it sighs and longs for God and is full of deep gratitude that it can still make amends and atone for what it missed. It knows it is saved, and that thought comforts it in its agony. Yes, it is a great mercy of God that even after death there is a place to make amends. Purgatory, then, is a mystery of grace, a fire of divine mercy.

The souls in purgatory are rightly called "poor souls" - i.e., souls in need of help.
They can no longer make amends for their transgressions by good works of divine justice as they can on earth. Bishop Keppler von Rottenburg, a great preacher to the poor souls, teaches: "The clock of purgatory always has the same pendulum swing: Suffer, wait! Suffer, wait!"
In addition, the poor souls suffer without merit. On the other hand, patiently endured suffering on earth increases eternal happiness. According to Saint Augustine, the sufferings and punishments of the poor souls are worse than the torments of the martyrs. According to St. Thomas Aquinas and St. Bonaventure, the poor souls languish in the same fire as the damned - only with the difference that the souls in hell curse God, while in purgatory they praise Him and give thanks for their salvation.
Poor souls are worse off than beggars because all they can do is suffer. According to Anne Catherine Emmerich and Maria Anna Lindmayr, those poor souls who do not belong to the Catholic Church suffer the worst and are most abandoned because they are completely without help; because their relatives, who do not believe in purgatory, such as the Protestants, neither pray for them nor do good works for them.

A French nun prayed and offered much for a deceased sister. Through God's goodness and for our instruction, this was allowed to be communicated. She said, "Some souls suffer their purgatory in the places where they have sinned; others at the foot of the altar, not because of any mistakes they have made there, but for worship, as a reward for their devotion to the Blessed Sacrament and their reverence in the holy place. They suffer less than if they were in purgatory, and Jesus, whom they contemplate with the eyes of faith and soul at the

same time, by his invisible presence eases the pain they endure."

The souls in purgatory are not exclusively occupied with their torments; rather they can pray for the great interests of God, as well as for the people who shorten their suffering. They praise and glorify the Lord for his infinite mercy towards them, for the borders between hell and purgatory have been very narrow for certain souls and not much was missing for them to fall into the dreadful abyss. You can imagine the gratitude of these poor souls who were thus snatched from Satan.

Another question to this nun from purgatory was, "What about plenary indulgences?" The answer: "Few, very few people are able to win it. It requires such a special condition of heart and will that it is rare, much rarer than is commonly believed. In purgatory we receive the indulgences that are offered to us according to the will of God. When a soul is near the end of its desires, near Heaven, it may be delivered by the effect of a plenary indulgence given to it in whole or in part. But this does not apply to souls in general. If during their mortal lives they have often disdained indulgences, or at least cared nothing for them, the ever-righteous God will pay them back according to their works. You can win part of it at his discretion, but hardly ever a whole."

Another question is: "Will the commemoration of All Souls Day bring liberation to many souls in purgatory?" Answer: "On the day of the dead, many souls leave the place of atonement and go to heaven by a particularly great grace. Only on this day all suffering souls, without exception, participate in the public prayers of the Holy Church. Many poor souls in torment receive only this one relief by the justice

of God during the long years they must spend in purgatory. It is not, however, on All Souls' Day that the most souls go to heaven, but on Christmas Eve."

"How long does suffering in purgatory last?" This is different for every soul. Hard-hearted people suffer the longest and hardest. There are those who have so angered God that they must suffer in purgatory until Judgment Day. It is the wicked sinners who put off their conversion until the end of their lives and had little remorse before they died. However, the concept of time for the poor souls is completely different from ours. According to Maria Anna Lindmayr, an hour in purgatory appears to them to be more than 20 years of great suffering on earth. A poor soul mentions: "Most of the souls stay 20 to 40 years, others even longer and others for a shorter time. I'm telling you this according to the way people calculate on earth; because it's different with us... I've been here for 8 years, it seems like 10,000 years... oh my God!"

Saint Michael the Archangel and the Poor Souls

A Poor Soul reports: "He is not only a witness at the judgment; He is also the executor of divine justice... and, when satisfied, guides the soul to eternal happiness. He has compassion on us and encourages us in our sufferings when he speaks to us from heaven." Sometimes "he comes accompanied by the Blessed Virgin, whom we behold bodily. On her feast days she visits us and then returns to Heaven with many souls. Our Guardian Angels also visit us."

How can we help the poor souls now?

1. First of all through the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, which nothing can replace. However, we should not only celebrate it for them, but celebrate it ourselves

for them. In the Holy Mass, Christ's bloodless sacrifice on the cross, we offer to the heavenly Father the merits and sufferings of his divine Son, his holy wounds, his precious blood, his agonizing atoning death. In His merciful love for the poor souls, He permits us to offer them this treasure of inestimable intercession and to receive and offer Holy Communion for them - but only through the mediation of our heavenly Mother. Maria Anna Lindmayr expressly emphasizes this: "They must hand over all good works to the Blessed Mother and should not give anything away to the poor souls of their own volition."
The Gregorian Masses, where Holy Mass is offered for a deceased person for 30 consecutive days, are of particular help to them. These masses go back to Pope Gregory the Great.

2. Through atonement. Every suffering offered for the poor souls brings them great relief. Anne Catherine Emmerich says: "It is indescribable what great consolation the poor souls receive through our overcoming and small sacrifices." The holy Curé of Ars (Saint Jean Baptiste Vianney) is known to have asked God to suffer at night for the poor souls.

3. After the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, the Rosary is the most effective means of helping the poor souls. Through the Rosary countless souls are redeemed every day who would otherwise have to suffer for many years. We commend them to the mighty intercession of the dear Blessed Mother, who, as their great comforter, is particularly fond of helping the poor souls.

4. Praying the Way of the Cross also brings great relief to the poor souls if we offer up for them the suffering and death of Jesus and the tears of the Sorrowful Mother. We can add after each station:

"Crucified Lord Jesus Christ, have mercy on us and help the poor souls in purgatory." Also very helpful is the ancient custom of praying to the holy five wounds of Christ, especially before the bier of the deceased.

5. "The indulgences are priceless," say the poor souls to Maria Simma. Certainly, because they substantially shorten their sufferings; the indulgence is namely the remission of temporal punishments valid before God, which are still to be atoned for here or in the hereafter. Whoever often wins indulgences for the poor souls in life will receive more grace than others in the hour of death to win full indulgences after death. Let us therefore eagerly draw from this treasure of grace that Jesus earned for us through His suffering and offers through His Church.

6. Practices of virtue and good works. Jesus recommends us through Maria Anna Lindmayr: we should undertake a virtue every week and practice it, before God and man, as the opportunity arises; however, entrust these acts to Our Lady through our Guardian Angel so that she may bestow the merits on the poor souls: e.g., performing inner acts of humility and self-denial for those souls who suffer because of their pride and have despised others. She says explicitly: "It is precisely through humility that one can help the poor souls a lot, far more than through other heavy works of penance." For souls who are deprived of life because of their eating and drinking excessively, we can lighten their fate by fasting; still others need acts of patience and gentleness in order to be delivered from the sufferings of impatience and anger. The anguish of the hard-hearted can only be alleviated by works of mercy. This includes giving alms, especially donations to World Mission.

7. Another, very easy way to help the poor souls is the good sentiment, e.g., "in God's name" or "Jesus, everything for Your sake", or "everything for you, Most Sacred Heart of Jesus, through Your most holy mother", etc. Their importance is confirmed by a deceased nun - she says: "In the world and even in the monastery it happens that many actions, good in themselves, are not rewarded in the hour of reckoning because they were not first offered to God. The heroic act of love for the consolation of the poor souls is also based on good sentiment. In a voluntary, eternally lasting sacrifice, we devote all the good works that we perform ourselves and that come to us from others after death to the poor souls. We lose nothing, but only gain, because "what you did to the least of my brothers, you did to me."

8. Maria Anna Lindmayr describes holy water as very beneficial for the poor souls. She has often been encouraged by the Savior Himself to sprinkle holy water. She had the pious habit, before going to bed, of giving holy water to the poor souls. "Once," she says, "I forgot about it and went to sleep; but the poor souls kept visiting me around the bed until I got up again and gave them holy water. Only then did I have peace." Therefore, when we give holy water to the poor souls, it is as if the prayer of the Church rises anew to heaven and draws graces upon them, since this water is consecrated by the priest and is a sacramental of the Church. The effect of the holy water is also based on the faith and trust of each individual Christian. The poor souls feel the cleansing and sanctifying power of holy water, but also the love with which it is given.

9. The burning of candles also helps the poor souls, first because it is an act of attention and love, then because the candles are consecrated and their light shines into the darkness of the poor souls.

If we have thus recognized in our contemplation the misfortune of sin, even the so-called venial ones, this must prompt us anew to the firm resolution to combat our weaknesses and faults. Therefore, let us live every day conscious of the divine presence of Jesus within us, so that we may be filled with His all-encompassing love and be completely transformed into Him. In this intimate connection with God we are able to give more to those who can no longer help themselves: the poor souls.

Sacrifice Prayer for the Poor Souls

Gracious God! Because it is Your will that we pray for the poor souls, we offer You, through the purest hands of Mary, all the Holy Masses that are said today, for Your supreme honor and for the salvation of souls from purgatory. We humbly beg you to redeem their debt with the abundant merits of your beloved son and have mercy on them. Amen.

Heroic act of love for the poor souls

Heavenly Father! In union with the merits of Jesus and Mary, I offer You for the souls in purgatory all the atonement and works of satisfaction of my whole life, as well as all that will be offered for me after my death. I place them in the hands of Mary Immaculate; may she bestow them to those souls whom, according to her wisdom and motherly love, she first wishes to liberate from purgatory. Heavenly Father, accept this sacrifice graciously and let me grow daily in Your grace. Amen.

P. Kaspar Demmeler S.J.

Apparitions to Eugenie von der Leyen (in order of appearance)

Franciscan nun:
1921: August 9, 13, 19, 20, 25. September 11, 14, 17, 19, 22. October 2, 7, 11. November 3

Pastor Schmuttermeier:
1921: December 7.
1922: January 9, 25
1923: March 22 (possibly)

Countess Maria Schönborn:
1922: February 4, 19. March 1. May 20, 26, 28

Hortense:
1922: March-April.

The Eleven:
1922: July 4.
1923: April 29. May 9. September 8, 15, 21, October 15, November 4, 12, 15. December 2, 8, 14, 16, 23, 24, 26, 29
1924: January 12. February 2. May 3, 10, 12, 15, 21. June 19. November 1. December 11
1925: March 7

Old Porter: 17 times in hospital

Barbara (Heinrich's sister-in-law):
1923: January 31. February 5, 21.
1924: August 6

Thomas:
1923: January 31. February 5, 21.
1925: February 15, 19, 25. March 1, 9

Crescence:
1923: February 1, 3, 24

Margaret (Unknown woman with Crescence):
1923: February 1, 24, 28. March 3

Nameless woman in A...
In Summer

Carpenter Michel:
1923: March 11, 15. May 31

Viktor B:
1923: March 21, 22, 23, 26, 29

Group of 16 women and men (Viktor, Maria M., Perpetua R., Herrgottleschuster, Baptist B.):
1923: March 22, 23, 26, 29

Valet Nicholas:
1923: unspecified times, April 21, 27. May 4, 12, 15. September 21

Two women kneeling in church:
1923: April 21. May 24, 28. June 19, 28. July 21. September 8
1925: October 20

Babette the housekeeper:
1923: April 26, 29. May 1, 4, 5, 9, 13, 14, 18, 19, 21, 22, 23, 24

A figure with Babette:
1923: May 24

Adelgunde (Woman in the chicken yard):
1923: May 28, 29. June 4, 7, 21. July 21, 29. September 8, 21, 23, 27, 30. October 2, 4-8,

Man with a bundle:
1923: May 28

Benedict:
1923: May 30

Shepherd Fritz:
1923: June 11, 14, 16, 18, 19, 21, 22, 24, 27, 28, 29, 30. July 1-6, 8, 9, 11, 12, 15, 18, 21, 24, 29. August 1, 4, 9, 10

G... (Figure next to Fritz):
1923: July 18, 21, 24, 29. August 1, 4, 9, 10, 11, 12, 14, 17, 19, 23, 26. September 2, 6, 7, 9, 13, 19

Sister Hedwig Ostertag (Former matron):
1923: unspecified, August 30. October 13. December 18

"Wood Man":
1923: August 13

Knight in armor:
1923: August 14, 20, 30. September 8, 13, 21, 30. October 12, 21. November 4, 11, 15, 20. December 2, 14, 16, 17, 23
1924: January 6, 13, 17, 22, 23. February 2, 3. May 4, 18, 31. June 6, 16, 21. August 10. September 11. November 1

Heinz:
1923: September 9, November 15, 20, 21, 22, 24, 25, 26, 29. December 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 14, 17, 18, 19, 20, 23, 24, 25, 28, 29, 30
1924: January 1, 2, 3, 4, 7, 10, 11

Aunt Marie Sch...
1923: September 16

Misty figures:
1923: October 12, 13, 15, 17, 19, 20, 21, 24

Catherine:
1923: October 24, 27-31, November 1-8, 10-17, 19, 20, 21, 22, 24, 26, 30. December 3, 5, 7, 9, 11, 14, 16, 27

Janette (A shadow/old maid)**:**
1923: December 4, 6, 11, 12, 14, 16, 17, 23-26, 28, 29, 31
1924: January 10, 12, 15, 17, 22, 24, 26. February 1. May 12, 13, 15

Heinrich (Large, black shadow at window/The bomination/The poor man)**:**
1923: December 15, 17, 19, 20, 21, 23, 24, 26-29, 31
1924: January 1-5, 7, 9, 10, 12- 26, 30. February 1-4, 7, 8, 9, 11

Music:
1924: January 9, 14, 19, 24, 26. February 2, 25. March 16. May 4, 9, 13, 14, 18, 20, 22, 30. June 14, 18, 20, 7. August 10. mentioned October 1

Whispering/noises:
1924: February 7, 8, 9, 16, 25. March 1, 2, 7, 8. May 2-5. June 22. July 20
1925: March 11

A pacing shadow:
1924: February 8

Reinhard (Old man in the hallway)**:**
1924: February 16, 19, 21, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28

Sad woman in the garden:
1924: Febraury 18

Irmingard Monfort (Female in the corridor):
1924: March 1, 6, 7, 8, 11, 12, 14, 15, 16, 17, 19, 28, 29, 30, 31. April 4, 5, 7, 8, 9, 11, 12, 15, 16, 17, 19, 21, 22, 23, 25, 26 (mentioned November 2)

Shadows:
1924: March 2

Figure in the room/male with blonde beard (simultaneous w/Irmingard Montfort):
1924: April 25, 26, 29, 30.

Domain Councilor Fridolin Weiss
Man from Schr... (mentioned May 3)/ 1924: May 5-19, 21-25, 27, 30, 31. June 1-6, 9, 11, 14 (mentioned June 18), 20

Dr. G.:
1924: May 21
1925: May 22 (mentioned July 4)

Many invisible spirits:
1924: May 25

Blochem Nandl (Invisible female w/Fridolin Weiss/old rag picker):
1924: May 25, June 11, 16, 17, 18, 20, 21, June 23-July14, 18, 19, 20
1925: December 25

Two male figures in black robes at church
1924: June 14. November 1

Invisible figure:
1924: July 19

Seven figures (at least one female):
1924: after July 27. August 4, 6, 7, after August 16. September 11, 17. December 30

Wolfgang (Giant head/eye):
1924: August 9, 10, after August 16. September 11, 17

Alfred S:
1924: August 24

Eva (Falling cloud/woman):
1924: September 17, October 1, 14, 19, 20, 21, 29 (mentioned November 11)

Isabella (Old woman in castle in D.):
1924: October 9
1925: January 17. March 16. July 7, unspecified date after July 11. August 14

Eugenie's grandfather:
1924: October 30

Shapes w/ moans and screams:
1924: November 11

Anna:
1924: December 16, 22, 24

Franz von Lenbach:
1924: December 16

Father O.:
1924: December 27.
1925: January 15, 23

Something w/Father O.:
1925: January 23, 29, 30. February 1, 4, 11, 17

Z:
1925: January 5, 7, 8, 9
1926: mentioned January 17

Five figures/women:
1925: January 25, 30. February 1, 4, 11, 15, 25. March 7

Pastor Natterer:
1925: March 18, April 15 (14 appearances on or near)

John (Animal):
1925: April 24-27. May 12, 25, 27, 30. June 4, 8, 10, 12

Two figures:
1925: July 4

Poor Martin (Man on the stairs):
1925: July 7, 11, unspecified date after July 11. August 11

Fire w/distant calls:
1925: July 9, unspecified date after July 11

Horrible male figure:
1925: during fortnight in Munich after July 11

Woman in a shop:
1925: after July 11

Two women in clinic:
1925: after July 11

Restless shadow/old man:
1925: August 23, 25, 28, 29, 30. September 3, 4

Two shadows:
1925: August 28

A Dominican:
1925: September 5, 6, 10, 13, 17, 27, 29. October 3, (mentioned October 9), 17, 18, 19, 24, (between 24-26). November 2

Therese B:
1925: September 10

Old woman at altar:
1925: September 29

Egolf von R. (Animal/monkey)**:**
1925: October 1, 3, 7, 9, 10, 14, 17, 18, 20, 24, 25, 26, 28. November 2-8, 10-28. December 18, 21, 23, 24, 25

Gisela (Misty, floating female figure):
1926: January 17, 20, 27. February 1, 3, 6

Maria R (Fire w/noise/storm/dark lump/snake/nun):
1926: January 27. February 8, 9, 12-15, 18, 19, 21, 23, 24, 25, 26. March 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8-11, 17, 19, 25, 30. April 1, Easter Sunday

Pastor W:
1926: March 11

Three shadows and an old man:
1926: March 17

Three women and four foggy figures in A...:
1926: March 30

Two women in A...:
1926: March 31

Two shadows:
1926: Good Friday

Alois Z.:
1926: April 24, 27, 30. May 1-7, 9, 13, 15

Eleanor (Storm/barrel/Medusa-like head):
1926: May 16, 17, 25, 27. June 2, 11, 17, 22, 24, 27, 29, 30. July 4 (mentioned on 9th)

Two women in the garden:
1926: May 17

Floating figure in the forest:
1926: May 29

Nicholas (Big box w/moaning/man with gray beard):
1926: June 27, 29. July 4, 7, 9, 20, 22, 23, 26, 29

Noises and calls/bodiless crowd/four figures:
1926: July 9, July 23, 26, 28. August 4

Mrs D.W. (Sobbing woman):
1926: August 7, 11, 18, 20
1927: February 25

Betty:
1927: no dates

Five figures in Germany:
1927

Gardener N.:
1927: between February and April

Cecelia (and six other figures):
1927: April 9, 12, 14, 16, 17, 23

Gr... from M.:
1927

Two men ("the Forgotten"):
1927

Despicable woman:
1927

Four dancing figures:
1927: July 3

Eleven apparitions since August 1927

F.H.:
1927

Johannes:
1927: unspecified time after August. November 8, 27, (mentioned December 4)

Woman with noise:
1927

Seven figures in front of church:
1927

Two women in the avenue:
1927

Old woman searching through desk:
1927: unspecified time after August. November 11, (mentioned December 4)

Wall full of heads:
1927: after November 11

Noise and figures:
1927: December

Josef H:
1928: January 11

Pastor Wieser's mother:
1928: December 17